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Mr. DAVIS as the GEORGIAN CHIEF in TIMOUR the TARTAR.

THE

# SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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## MR. DAVIS,

AS THE GEORGIAN CHIEF IN "TIMOUR THE TARTAR."

THE introduction of the horses in *Blue Beard* and *Timour the Tartar*, at Covent-Garden Theatre, with the wonderful docility of these animals, having excited the curiosity and admiration of the public, we conceived a representation of the principal equestrian performer in the latter piece would not be unacceptable to our readers. This declared, it will scarcely be necessary to offer any thing more on the subject, except to say, that Mr. Davis is here depicted in the Georgian *costume*, mounted on his favourite mare, Eleanor, (sister to the one ridden by Mr. Chapman in the combat).—The Georgians subdue the tyrant Timour, who had slain his Prince and usurped his throne.—Mr. Davis appears unrivalled in this species of horsemanship; his system of *education*, or *breaking-in* of the horses, must be subject to great labour, and to no inconsiderable degree of ingenuity.

## RACES APPOINTED IN 1811.

LEWES............. *August* 1
Oxford ................ 6
Nottingham................. 6
Huntingdon................. 6
Newcastle, Staffordshire ...... 6
Taunton ................. 6
Barnet ..................... 7
Haverford-West ...... *August* 12
Canterbury ................ 13
Derby .................... 13
Worcester. ............... 13
Newbury .................. 13
Blandford................. 14
York August Meeting........ 19
Exeter .................... 21
Egham..................... 27
Hereford ................. 28
Bodmin. .................. 29
Warwick ............. *Sept.* 3
Ayr, Scotland ............. 4
Bedford .................. 4
Burderop ................. 5
Pontefract ............... 10
Litchfield................. 10
Abingdon.................. 10
Northampton .............. 11
Kingscote. ............... 17
Tré-Madock................ 17
Beccles................... 17
Lincoln .................. 18
Leicester ................ 18
Doncaster ................ 23
Chippenham................ 24
Walsall................... 25
Newmarket First October Meeting ..................30
Carlisle ............... *Oct.* 1
Monmouth ................ 2

## COCKINGS.

*Newcastle.*

IN the Race-week, a long main of cocks was fought between Sir H. T. Vane, Bart. (Thompson, feeder), and Charles J. Brandling, Esq. (Varley, feeder), consisting of

of 37 main and 19 byes; of which, Varley won 20 main and 10 byes, and Thompson 17 main and 9 byes.

*Lancaster.*

In the Race-week, a main of cocks was fought between the gentlemen of Lancashire, (Bingham, feeder) and the gentlemen of Cumberland, (Higgerson, feeder), which consisted of 33 main battles, and 14 byes.—Higginson won 17 main and 6 byes, and Bingham 16 main and 8 byes.

*Newton.*

In the Race-week, the fourth main of cocks was fought between the gentlemen of Cheshire, (Gilliver, feeder), and the gentlemen of Staffordshire, (Gosling, feeder), for 5gs. a battle and 100gs. the main, consisting of 38 main battles, of which Gilliver won 21, and Gosling 17.

*Peterborough.*

During the Races, a main of cocks was fought between the gentlemen of Lincolnshire, (Burn, feeder) and the gentlemen of Northamptonshire, (Lamb, feeder) for 4gs. a battle, and 50gs. the main, of which the following is a statement:—

| Burn. | M. | B. | Lamb. | M. | B. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Tuesday | 5 | 1 | | 3 | 0 |
| Wednesday | 2 | 2 | | 6 | 2 |
| Thursday | 2 | 2 | | 6 | 2 |
| | 9 | 5 | | 15 | 4 |

*Stamford.*

During the Races, a main of cocks was fought between the gentlemen of Bedfordshire, (Flemming, feeder) and gentlemen of Warwickshire, (Bindley, feeder), for 10gs. a battle and 200gs. the main, consisting of 28 main and 18 byes. The following is a statement:

| Flemming. | M. | B. | Bindley. | M. | B. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wednesday | 5 | 2 | | 4 | 4 |
| Thursday | 6 | 4 | | 3 | 2 |
| Friday | 2 | 5 | | 8 | 1 |
| | 13 | 11 | | 15 | 7 |

Very high odds against Bindley.

*Preston.*

In the Race-week, a main of cocks was fought between the Earl of Derby, (Potter, feeder) and R. Legh, Esq. (Gilliver, feeder) for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main, which consisted of 20 main and 8 bye battles. The following is a statement:—

| Potter. | M. | B. | Gilliver. | M. | B. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Monday | 7 | 2 | | 1 | 2 |
| Tuesday | 4 | 0 | | 0 | 2 |
| Wednesday | 1 | 0 | | 3 | 2 |
| Thursday | 3 | 1 | | 1 | 1 |
| | 15 | 3 | | 5 | 7 |

## DISPUTES
### BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,
*On Points of Honour, &c. &c.*

GOVERNOR BLIGH *versus* COLONEL JOHNSTONE.

IT will be perceived, by referring to our last number, that we were withheld from commenting more at large upon this case, from becoming motives of discretion and delicacy; inasmuch as the verdict of the Court Martial had not been then generally known, and as the determination of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, relative to the nature and consequences of that verdict, had not taken place.

This verdict, and the royal deter-

termination consequent to that verdict, have been since promulgated, viz. that Lieutenant-Colonel Johnstone is guilty of the act of mutiny, as described in the charge, and that he be cashiered, &c. (see page 169 of this Number); which sentence the Prince Regent hath confirmed, with observing that he thought the sentence *lenient*, as applying to the direct bearing of Colonel Johnstone's offence.

It is evident from this result, that his Royal Highness, when he confirmed the verdict of the Court Martial, deemed it necessary to accompany that confirmation with a remark, that though he thought the verdict of the Court Martial *lenient*, as bearing upon Colonel Johnstone's conduct, which might lead to the most serious consequences, if it were in any way to be passed over lightly; yet the Prince Regent, at the same time, signified that the *leniency* of the said Honourable Court might be justifiably directed, as the administrative conduct of Governor Bligh was not of that pure complexion, as the durable welfare of a province so remote from the parent country demanded—we were happy to perceive that the termination of this serious affair took such a turn; because it corresponded, in its spirit, if not in its letter, with the sentiments that we had previously formed upon the question.

In the present very critical situation of this country, when we are encircled by powerful, and (unhappily) increasing enemies to our political happiness; and when the existence of the Sovereign is declared to be in imminent danger, it is consolatory to know and feel that the imperial diadem of this nation will be, eventually, placed upon the head of a Prince, who hath evinced so much wisdom and forbearance, even in the restricted government which hath been so very cautiously committed to his direction.—It is, and should be, an occasion of exultation to every thinking Briton, when he knows that the sceptre of authority will devolve upon a Magistrate, whose perception and experience equally fit him for the assumption of the ruling power: as the bright qualities of his head, and the good qualities of his heart, were never doubted even by the most zealous adherents of that party, who may have considered the ascribed predilections of the Prince as somewhat hostile to their received opinions upon the leading features of governmental agency.

In passing a sentence in a Court of Law, it is always pleasing to behold the Judge recurring, as much as his solemn duty will permit, to the principle of equity, and making the statute bend, as it were, to the dictates of common reason: because it may be very possible to offend against the letter of the law, and yet the offence may carry so much of an extenuating spirit along with it, as, in some measure, to neutralize the criminality; and, in such cases, it is not merely allowable, but absolutely just, in the Magistrate, to commingle forbearance in his decision, and render it thereby as palatable to wisdom as jurisprudence; and if this is deemed as necessary in a Judge, it is doubly so in a Sovereign, whose bounden obligation it is, to be as imitative of the beneficence of heaven in his great office as the frailty of his system will admit, and in no way can this noble desire be rendered so apparent, as

"When mercy seasons justice!"

W.

## CAPTAIN LANGTON AND MAJOR NORTHEY.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

IN your Magazine of May last I find some reflections on Capt. Langton, which appear to flow naturally from the sentence of the Court-Martial held on Major Northey, on the prosecution of the said Captain L. My intention in thus addressing you, is not to enter into a paper war with you or any of your correspondents; and still less to advert on a sentence which, I am persuaded, was dictated by the most honourable motive, on the evidence *then* and *there* produced. Had the Court been at liberty to hear the prosecutor on transactions prior to the challenge, probably the sentence would not have been modified as it is, apparently, against Captain L.: or had this last gentleman, since the sentence, been at liberty to publish (as his intention was, but was advised *not*) his statement of the whole case, it would have undoubtedly removed the kind of obloquy reverting upon him by the issue of the trial. Gone abroad on an arduous service, and whilst he is fighting *honourably* for his King and country, it is no more than yielding to the imperious dictates of duty and justice for his friends at home to defend his character, which, hitherto, had been as unsullied, as unspotted, as the brightest lily. A long connection, I may say intimate, with his family, one of the most respectable in the county of Lincoln, has enabled me to follow him almost from his boyish days, and if ever I have found a fault in him, it is an excess of delicacy, which shrinks at the slightest deviation, I do not say from strict honour and probity, but even from the most common delency. In saying so much, I am not afraid of being contradicted, either by those who have known him at the military school of Marlow, by the officers of the regiment in which he serves, or by those of the whole army of Portugal, by whom he is not only respected but also particularly beloved: so much so that, if he had been allowed, like his adverse party, to call in witnesses to his character, they would have in all probability kicked the beam of the scale in his favour, notwithstanding the weight of those who appeared on the side of Major N. This premised, I hope that you will not refuse the insertion of the following facts, which I have from the own mouth of my worthy friend himself, and the truth of which, I am confident, he is ready to prove by the most satisfactory evidence. I must observe, however, previous to entering on my narrative, that not thinking to be so soon called upon to vindicate his character, I have taken no notes to guide me exactly as to dates; but I hope that the deficiency is in no ways material.

A few years ago a rumour of transactions, not very honourable, began to reach the ears of some of Major N.'s brother officers, and amongst the rest those of Capt. L. I have no doubt, from the particularity of that degree of delicacy which I have attributed to him, that he, whose maxim is that a gentleman's, and especially an officer's, character, is, like that of Cæsar's wife, tainted even by the most distant suspicion; I have no doubt, I say, that Capt. L. has been one of the first to take notice of such rumour; to express the feelings

feelings which it was so likely to create, and even to express these feelings warmly and without disguise. However, it did not certainly originate in him. Had I been the *aspersed*, and thinking as I do, I would have from the very first beginning put a stop to it, either by those weighty arguments conveyed through the mouth of a pistol; or, (if convinced, as I am, that the death of the accuser is no proof of the innocence of the accused, and conscious of not having deserved even suspicion) by challenging the most minute investigation of my conduct, and thereby clearing my reputation, and reflecting the guilt on my revilers. Major N. seems to have followed neither the one nor the other of these courses, and suffered the rumour to swell from a rill to a torrent. It reached his messmates at Lisbon with such violence, as to preclude the possibility of their not taking notice of it, and they concluded that Major N.'s inertness proceeded from a sense of guilt. If even at that period the latter had chosen to vindicate his character by the way of arms, certainly none of his brother officers, in whom Captain L. is included, would have refused him any satisfaction he might have required. But even then he remained inactive, and suffered his messmates to come to the resolution of *cutting him entirely*, (as the phrase is) which is a sentence much more severe than *sending to Coventry*, since the former degrades its object from the very title of a gentleman in the eyes of those who pass it, whilst the latter does only suspend for a time the usual intercourse. The messmates of the Major went still farther, and gave him the broad hint that his private affairs required his presence in England, and advised him to apply for a leave of absence.

Whether Major N. was roused from his supineness by his own energy, or whether he was awakened by some friend, he began then to bestir himself, and petitioned for an enquiry into his conduct. It was granted, but it does not appear that the acquittal pronounced by the honourable court satisfied either the Major himself or his brother officers, at least it seems that it did not induce them to rescind their past sentence. Under these circumstances, a challenge from him *could not be accepted* by any one of them, and still less by Captain L. who had been one of the witnesses examined in the court of enquiry. He had *there* acted in a public capacity; he was *there* obliged upon his oath to speak *the truth, the whole truth,* as he conceived it to be; and his accepting Major N.'s challenge, consequent to what had *there* fallen from his mouth, would have been contrary to every law, even that of *point d'honneur.* THIS, and THIS ALONE, could have compelled, and indeed HAS COMPELLED, Captain L. to behave ever after in the manner he has done. My intention is not to sit here in judgment on Major N. He might have been, and is, for aught I know, free from blame as to the original charges; but I cannot help asserting, that his tardiness in coming forwards to clear up his innocence, has brought on all the subsequent disagreeable consequences, in which both he and Capt. L. have been since involved. However, the reception which they will both meet respectively in their private corps, and from the whole army, must, and will, be the truest verdict that can be returned in favour of the one or of the other, or

even

even of both, and the surest criterion of the degree of respect to which they are intitled: and to that reception I appeal against any prejudice that the modification of the sentence of the Court-Martial might have created in the mind of the public, against my worthy friend Captain L.—I remain, Sir, your obedient and humble servant,

C. d'E——.

*Sausthorpe, July* 12, 1811.

## ON SINGLE-STICK, AND OTHER MANLY EXERCISES.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

IT must be highly gratifying to every *true* Englishman, to see the martial spirit of our country rising with its exigences. Our soldiers have recently proved in the Peninsula, that they possess the antient prowess of their forefathers. All they ask, is " a clear stage, and no favour;" may our rulers afford them every encouragement, and take every possible method to add to their numbers!

It is much in the power of men in the civil walks of life, to add to the glory of the state, by stimulating the youth to embrace the military profession, and by their interest or purses affording them the necessary facilities.—No better means of so disposing our peasantry appears to me, than familiarising them to exhibitions of mimic warfare, such as backsword, single-stick, wrestling, &c. &c. With this view I request you to insert in your extensively-read Magazine the following proposals, and by your agreeing to receive the subscriptions you will add to the favour.

J. B.

It is proposed to raise by subscription from thirty to fifty guineas, to be divided into two or more purses, and to be played for at backsword, sometime in September next, at some place between ten and twenty miles to the westward of London. That immediately on the sum required being subscribed, the days and place will be appointed, and advertisements be made in the papers of the western counties; that the third or fourth week in September will be perhaps the best time, the harvest being by that time likely to be finished in these parts.

Subscriptions to be received by the Editor, No. 18, Warwick Square.

The Editor, fully coinciding in the sentiments of his Correspondent, will readily receive any Subscription forwarded him for the purpose alluded to.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

## RURAL COURTSHIP.

Fields that gentle Lyris laves,
In silence stealing o'er the plain.
BOSCAWEN.

ONE of my accustomed morning walks led me, a few days since, before I was aware, to the skirts of a little hamlet, so near this great town, that I was amazed to find such a difference as there appeared between the manners and dispositions of its inhabitants, and those of the same rank with us. Weary with a longer exercise than I had intended, or indeed used myself to, the unexpressive daubing of a board, supported by the rough natural branch of a tree, invited me in to taste the pleasures of rest, which there is no way to know but through fatigue; and to feast on the

the homely fare so poor a cottage afforded, with more relish than any thing but air and exercise can give to the most elegant dishes. I had entered the humble door, not high enough to admit a man erect, at the time when the mid-day sun had sent in also the neighbouring woodmen to eat the chearful bread of industry, and rejoice at the remembrance of half the labour of the day being over. It was with uncommon pleasure that I paid my attention to the rude civilities and unornamented compliment of the rustics to one another.

A perfect harmony reigned among them; each was happy in the society of his fellow-labourer; and some of the severest things that have been said on the subject of solitude, dropped from the homely mouth of one of them, who had been engaged for the whole month before to toil without a companion.

The repast was short, and all the company immediately returned with new vigour to their employment; only two persons stayed behind; these were a tanned hedger and a nut-brown shepherdess, whom it was easy to see love had kept a little longer than the rest from their afternoon's engagements.

The honest simplicity of the scene of courtship surpassed every thing that has been painted in pastoral: the youth was earnest; the nymph was afraid of complying, not averse to it: I attended to his entreaties, which were honestly earnest; and to her fears, among which suspicion, I found, had no place. I envied the happy innocents, in whose engagements ambition or interest had no share; whom no address or artifice had brought together; who were engaging in an eternal union merely because they mutually liked it; and were carrying to the bridal bed lusty health and peace of heart, which must give a transport to the naked, the hard couch of indigence, that down and velvet never can be conscious of.

After an hour's conversation they walked away, arm under arm, together; and as I passed by an aged oak that bordered on the path-way, on my return homewards, I found the utmost extent of their journey had carried them no farther. They were under its shade, continuing the conversation, which my company had before put some restraint upon. As I passed by them, I could not help thinking I read in her blushing countenance every circumstance of that beautiful picture of Lord Roscommon of his rural maid—

Whose little store her well-taught mind can please,
Not pinch'd with want, nor clogg'd with wanton ease;
Who, free from storms that on the great ones fall,
Makes but few wishes, and enjoys them all:
No care but love can discompose her breast,
Love, of all cares, the sweetest and the best.
While on the grass her bleating charges lie,
One happy lover feeds upon her eye;
Not one whom parents' stern decrees impose,
But whom love's self has for her lover chose;
Under the fav'rite oak's o'ershading boughs,
They feed their passions with repeated vows;
And, while a blush confesses how she burns,
His faithful heart makes as sincere returns.
Thus in the arms of love and peace they lie,
And, while they live, their flames can never die.

How enviable a state! how infinitely above the utmost pride and

pomp

pomp of the nuptials of a prince! how unanswerable a proof that innocence alone can dispense blessings of the highest rank, where even the very necessaries of life are almost wanting.

The recollection gave me a distaste to every thing that we call pleasure. In how contemptible a light did the comparison set the jollity and noise of the drunken rioter, of the distracted gamester, or of the expensive libertine, who purchases, at the expence of half his fortune, the favours of a mistress that hates him, because she sees herself sold to him; that abuses his bed with a new intrigue every time she is assured of his sleeping out of it; and, in the end, will not fail to repay with diseases the beneficence of him, who had raised her above the necessity of prostituting herself to them!

I grew out of love even with the more innocent diversions; and though, in the morning, I had promised myself no common pleasure from seeing the greatest player that ever the English, or perhaps any stage produced, in one of his capital parts, I sacrificed it to the mere contemplation of the fields and hedges. I indulged, as long as day-light lasted, in a reverie of indolently successive images, under the shade of a tall elm, which thrust its roots into the banks of a little brook that, humble and unnoticed as it crept along in this place, at a mile distance, I knew, was to swell into a vast expanse, and be the pride and ornament of the garden of a King. From such humble beginnings do we see the height of human splendour rise, unconscious that it is to sink again into the same obscurity.

There is a pleasure in loitering away an hour or two in such a scene as this, that few know who have not often repeated it; it is impossible to enter upon such retirement, after the bustle of a day or two of business, without feeling a tranquil delight, that inspires one with a desire to remain in it, if it were possible, for ever; without throwing one's self on the green couch that nature spreads to tempt us to it, and, as one looks up among the waving branches of the trees about the place, saying to one's self, with all the sweet enthusiasm of poetical indolence—

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful, lying,
Hear the soft winds about me flying,
With all the wanton boughs dispute;
And the more tuneful birds to both replying:
Nor be my own voice mute.
Thou silver stream that roll'st the waters near,
Gilt with the sun-beams here and there,
On thy enamell'd bank I'll walk,
And see how pleasantly they smile, and hear
How chirpingly they talk.

A ramble of this kind is a pleasure many more people would take than do at present, if they were sensible what it was. There is something in a clearer air and solitude, that puts people, accustomed to smoke and hurry, into a humour to be pleased with every thing they see: nature abounds with objects that deserve attention; an infinite variety of them disclose themselves in succession in a retirement of this kind, and the least of them gives a pleasure to the mind in this state, that scarce any thing else is equal to; the least of them is sufficient to raise the rational mind to Heaven in songs of praise to Him who created them, and who gave the eye to observe, and the heart to be delighted with them.

G. T.

ANECDOTES

## ANECDOTES OF TOPHAM, THE STRONG MAN.

*From Nelson's History of Islington.*

WE extracted from this work into our last Number, a description of the ancient pastimes of the Citizens of London; from the same source we have also derived the following account of Topham, known by the appellation of *the strong man.* We are aware that many of the circumstances here mentioned, are to be found scattered among various numbers of our Magazine; but Mr. Nelson has, in his publication, given the history of this extraordinary man in so complete a manner, that it cannot prove unacceptable to our readers.

"At the South-east corner of Cadd's-row, near the green, was formerly a public house known by the sign of the *Duke's Head*, which, towards the middle of the last century, was kept by Thomas Topham, better known as "*The Strong Man,*" and of whose herculean feats a number of wonderful tales are related. The following account of this extraordinary man, for the most part attested and recorded by two respectable writers, may be considered as having some claim to authenticity.

"The father of Topham, who was a carpenter, brought him up to the same trade, but it appears that he quitted it soon after his apprenticeship. When he had attained his full growth, his stature was about five feet ten inches; and he soon began to feel indications of superior strength and muscular power. About the age of twenty-four he became the host of the Red Lion, near the old Hospital of St. Luke, in which house he failed, probably owing to his inattention to business, and the company with which he became connected from the situation of his dwelling; for at that time (as Mr. Pennant observes), 'Moorfields was the *Gymnasium* of our capital;' and the famous ring, over which Old Vinegar presided, was the great resort of cudgellers, wrestlers, back-sword players, and boxers from all parts of the metropolis. It also appears, that Topham was unfortunate in his matrimonial connection; and that the inconstancy of his wife was a continual drawback upon his domestic happiness.

"The first public exhibition of his extraordinary strength was that of pulling against a horse, lying on his back, and placing his feet against the dwarf wall that divided Upper from Lower Moorfields. He afterwards pulled against two horses; but his legs being placed horizontally, instead of rising parallel to the traces of the horses, he was jerked from his position, and had one of his knees much bruised and hurt; whereas it was the opinion of Dr. Desaguliers, a great mechanic and experimental philosopher, that, had he been in a proper position, he might have kept his situation against the pulling of four horses without the least inconvenience.

"The following are among the feats, which Dr. Desaguliers says he himself saw him perform:—By the strength of his fingers he rolled up a very strong and large pewter dish. He broke seven or eight pieces of a tobacco-pipe, by the force of his middle finger, having laid them on his first and third finger. Having thrust the bowl of a strong tobacco-pipe under his garter, his legs being bent, he broke it

it to pieces by the tendons of his hams, without altering the bending of his legs. Another bowl of this kind he broke between his first and second finger, by pressing them together sideways. He took an iron kitchen poker, about a yard long and three inches round, and struck upon his bare left arm, between the elbow and the wrist, till he bent the poker nearly to a right angle. With such another poker, holding the ends of it in his hands, and the middle of it against the back of his neck, he brought both ends of it together before him; and what was yet more difficult, he pulled it almost straight again. He broke a rope of two inches circumference, though, in consequence of his awkward manner, he was obliged to exert four times more strength than was necessary. He lifted a rolling-stone of 800 pounds weight with his hands only; standing in a frame above it, and taking hold of a chain that was fastened thereto.

"It is probable he kept the Duke's Head in Islington at the time he exhibited the exploit of lifting three hogsheads of water, weighing 1,831 pounds, in Cold Bath Fields, on the 28th of May, 1741, in commemoration of the taking of Porto Bello, by Admiral Vernon, and which he performed in the presence of the Admiral and thousands of spectators.—A print in Kirby's 'Wonderful Museum,' 8vo, 1803, represents Topham performing this extraordinary feat, which was effected by means of a wooden stage, whereon he stood over the three hogsheads, which he raised several inches by means of a strong rope and tackle passing over his shoulders. The sign at a public-house in East Smithfield, called '*The Strong Man*,' exhibits him performing the above feat, also with his feet fixed against a post, in the act of pulling against a dray-horse.—A number of curious and whimsical pranks are related of him, some of which are said to have occurred during the time he kept the Duke's Head.

"On his way home one night, finding a watchman fast asleep in his box, he took both on his shoulders, and carrying the load with the greatest ease, at length carefully dropped the guardian of the night and his wooden tenement over the wall of Bunhill Fields Burying-ground, where the poor fellow, between sleeping and waking, and doubtful whether he was in the land of the living, in recovering from his fright, seemed to be only waiting for the opening of the graves around him. Another time, sitting at the window of a low public-house, while a butcher from a slaughter-house was passing by with nearly half an ox on his back, Topham relieved him of it with so much ease and dexterity, that the fellow, almost petrified with astonishment, swore, that nothing but the devil could have flown away with his load. Upon another occasion, thinking to enjoy a little sport with some bricklayers, by removing part of a scaffold, just before they intended to strike it from a small building, his grasp was so rude, that a part of the front wall following the timber, the fellows conceived it had been the effects of an earthquake, and immediately ran, without looking behind them, into an adjoining field. Here, however, Topham was near paying dearly for his prank: for one of the poles struck him a severe blow on the side, and gave him considerable pain.

"Being one time persuaded by

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an acquaintance to accompany him on board a vessel in the river from the West Indies, and being, when on board, presented with a cocoa nut, he threw one of the sailors into the utmost astonishment, by cracking it close to his ear, with the same facility as one would crack an eggshell. Another time, a race being to be run on the Hackney road, a fellow, with a horse and cart, would persevere in keeping close to the contending parties, much to the displeasure of the spectators in general. Topham, who was one of them, stepping into the road, seized the tail of the cart, and in spite of all the fellow's exertions in whipping his horse to get forward, he drew them both backwards with the greatest ease; and while the pleasure of the beholders was at the highest point of gratification, the surprize and rage of the driver seemed to be beyond all expression, nothing preventing him from exercising his whip upon the immediate cause of his chagrin, but the fear of being probably pulled or crushed to pieces. Having one day in his tap-room two guests extremely quarrelsome, he bore with their noise and insolence with much patience for a length of time; but they at length proceeded so far, that nothing would satisfy them but fighting the landlord. As they could be appeased no other way, Topham, at length seizing them both by the nape of the neck, with the same facility as if they had been children, he knocked both their heads together, till, perfectly sensible of their error, they became as abject in asking pardon, as they had before been insolent in giving offence.

" The following particulars respecting this wonderful man are related by Mr. Hutton, in his 'History of Derby:' 'We learn, from private accounts well attested, that Thomas Topham, a man who kept a public house at *Islington*, performed surprising feats of strength, as, breaking a broomstick of the first magnitude, by striking it against his bare arm; lifting two hogsheads of water; heaving his horse over the turnpike gate; carrying the beam of a house as a soldier his firelock, &c. But, however belief might stagger, she soon recovered herself, when this second Sampson appeared at Derby as a performer in public, at a shilling each person. Upon application to Alderman Cooper for leave to exhibit, the magistrate was surprised at the feats he proposed; and as his appearance was like that of other men, he requested him to strip, that he might examine whether he was made like them; but he was found to be extremely muscular. What were hollows under the arms and hams of others, were filled up with ligaments in him.

'He appeared near five feet ten, turned of thirty, well made, but nothing singular: he walked with a small limp. He had formerly laid a wager, the usual decider of disputes, that three horses could not draw him from a post which he should clasp with his feet; but the driver giving them a sudden lash, turned them aside, and the unexpected jerk had broke his thigh.

'The performances of this wonderful man, in whom were united the strength of twelve, were, rolling up a pewter dish of seven pounds weight, as a man rolls up a sheet of paper; holding a pewter quart, at arms length, and squeezing the sides together like an

an egg-shell; lifting two hundred weight with his little finger, and moving it gently over his head. The bodies he touched seemed to have lost their powers of gravitation. He also broke a rope fastened to the floor, that would sustain twenty hundred weight; lifted an oak table six feet long with his teeth, though half a hundred weight was hung to the extremity; a piece of leather was fixed at one end for his teeth to hold, two of the feet stood upon his knees, and he raised the end with the weight, higher than that in his mouth. He took Mr. Chambers, Vicar of All Saints, who weighed twenty-seven stone, and raised him with one hand; his head being laid on one chair, and his feet on another, four people (fourteen stone each) sat upon his body, which he heaved at pleasure. He struck a round bar of iron, one inch diameter, against his naked arm, and at one stroke bent it like a bow. Weakness and feeling seemed fled together.

'Being a master of musick, he entertained the company with *Mad Tom.* I heard him sing a solo to the organ in St. Warburgh's church, then the only one in Derby; but, though he might perform with judgment, yet the voice, more terrible than sweet, scarcely seemed human. Though of a pacific temper, and the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the insults of the rude. The ostler at the Virgin's Inn, where he resided, having given him disgust, he took one of the kitchen spits from the mantle-piece, and bent round his neck, like a handkerchief; but as he did not chuse to tuck the ends in the ostler's bosom, the cumbrous ornament excited the laugh of the company, till he condescended to untie his iron cravat. Had he not abounded with good nature, the men might have been in fear for the safety of their persons, and the women for that of their pewter shelves; as he could roll up both. One blow with his fist would for ever have silenced those heroes of the Bear-garden, Johnson and Mendoza.'

"This second Sampson, as is before hinted, was not without his Dalilah; for, after he had left Islington, and taken another public house, in Hog-lane, Shoreditch, the infidelity of his wife had such an effect upon Topham, that, unable to bear the reflections it excited in his mind, in a fit of phrenzy, after beating her most unmercifully, and stabbing her in the breast, he inflicted several wounds upon himself with the same weapon; and, after lingering several days, died, in the flower of his age, on the 10th of August, 1749. His wife afterwards recovered."

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## SPORTING LAW CASE.

*Court of King's Bench, Ireland, Friday, June 14, 1811.*

Rev. Richard Fisher *v.* Patrick Cruise.

MR. Jebb moved for a conditional order for a criminal information against Mr. Cruise. His application was grounded on the affidavit of Mr. Fisher, which stated, that, in the month of June last, he made an agreement with Mr. Cruise, for the service of a stallion. The terms of the contract were, that the money, for the performance of the stallion, was not to be paid till the mares had foaled. That on the 18th of May last, when Mr. Fisher was standing at his gate, in the town of Slane, where he resides,

sides, speaking to the chief constable, on magisterial business, Mr. Cruise advanced towards him, and in a most insulting manner asked him, (Mr. Fisher) why he did not pay him for the service done to his mares? Mr. Fisher replied, that no sum was yet due to him, and desired he would go away. Without any provocation whatever, Mr. Cruise then advanced in a threatening manner, and called out to Mr. Fisher—*You are a bad pay—a cheating common rascal, and no gentleman.*

Chief Justice—'Tis unnecessary to state further; take a conditional rule.

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## HISTORY OF A GAMBLER.

*From the new Novel of "The Metropolis."*

I Was left to the care of the parish of ——— in the East Riding of York, as both my parents, who were only labouring people, died when I was a child: I have no other reason, therefore, to boast of my ancestry, except that I have heard them spoken of as very industrious, honest people, and perhaps those are the most reasonable grounds on which we can be proud of our ancestors. When I was quite a lad, I was taken from the workhouse to serve as an under-helper in the stables of Sir David Whiphand, who was ignorant as myself, excepting in those matters which related to racing, hunting, and cocking. In his stables, then, (for I was seldom admitted farther, always sleeping under the mangers or in the hay-loft,) I imbibed my first knowledge of mankind, which I afterwards turned to good advantage. The head-helper taught me that we must look upon our master, as he regarded the foxes in his neighbourhood, as fair game, and join together to run him down. He never failed to enforce this theory by the following kind of practice, whenever the Baronet had rode a hard day's chase: "D—n it Joe," he would say, "the horses are in a sad plight, and we must have double doses. Run to the house-keeper with our bottle, for a little brandy to rinse out the horses' mouth; take the can, too, and get some strong beer from the butler, to make a mash; any of the maids will give thee a little sugar, and thou canst crib a couple of eggs from the poultry-yard; bring a crust of bread and cheese for a snack; and by the time we have tipp'd off our flip, the horses will be dry enow to clean, and we shall be fit for work.—Look sharp now."

I was so much with the horses, that a kind of intimacy sprang up between us; and my attention to them could not escape the notice of my master, whose chief delight they were. A book of farriery, which I borrowed from one of the grooms, instructed me in the principal anatomical points of that noble animal; and I easily got by rote such technical phrases as blood, bone, strength, courage, fire, speed, &c.

Emulation now began to inspire me with a longing to rank among the jockies, and it was not long before I was gratified. My master had made a match for a considerable sum, at the ensuing Doncaster races, and none of the grooms were of sufficiently light weight for his purpose: my size suited exactly, but I was unskilled in the manœuvres of the turf: I was, however, taken into training, and exercised the horse so much to the satisfaction of the Baronet, that he de-

determined to venture on me, probably the rather, because from my ignorance he thought himself secured against my *selling him.*— From the moment that the point was settled, I never left the horse which I was to ride; and we came on the ground, panting equally, I believe, for victory. My master kept me constantly in sight till the signal was given to start, to prevent the opposite party from *feeling* for me; but I verily believe, so anxious was my desire for fame, that I should have refused a bribe of a purse of guineas, although I never had one in my hand in my life. Mine and the horse's efforts were successful; and I shall never forget how my heart expanded when, on jumping out of the saddle, my master shook me by the hand, swore I was a d—d clever lad, and clapped a couple of guineas into my hand to drink his health.

I was now placed above my former master the head-helper, who was ordered to do whatever I bade him; and, having plenty of leisure time, I studied the distinction between distances, hands, stones, catch-weight, give and take, and whim plates, post and handicap matches. My master being also very fond of cocking, to ingratiate myself with him I studied the whole arts of breeding, feeding, and pitting. I was now allowed the run of the house, and a good bed instead of my litter one, and was upon familiar terms with my master, who, perceiving the rapid progress I made in those *arts* and *sciences*, which alone he deemed useful or honourable to mankind, never attended any races or sporting matches without taking me with him. My wages were settled at twenty guineas a year besides clothes, and an allowance of five per cent. on the account of every match I should win.

I had no idea of greater happiness than I at present enjoyed, until the piercing dark eyes of one of the female servants, which were often cast upon me, and as often withdrawn in swimming confusion, whenever I caught their glances, made me feel that nature had intended me for some other employment besides rearing colts and chickens. As we were both children of nature, undebauched by the arts arising from birth, rank, and fortune, we soon came to a mutual explanation and agreement of uniting, so soon as we should have saved money enough to take a farm, or public-house in the neighbourhood. In the mean time, we indulged ourselves in all the innocent freedoms of a pure attachment; and I made no less sure of having her hand, than of receiving happiness along with it—But she was mere woman.

I perceived, by degrees, that she began to repulse me, when I attempted a repetition of our usual freedoms, and I thought that she assumed airs of consequence. As this behaviour encreased, I went through all the gradations of anxiety, grief, despair, and mortification in turns; I begged, entreated, flattered, railed, raved, cursed, and swore at her: my situation appeared to make her relent, as she really loved me; but ambition finally steeled her heart against all the pangs of mine. So well, however, did she manage her cards, that I had no idea of the game she was playing, till the Baronet one day called me aside, and, after praising me as a valuable servant, informed me, that he was sorry to be necessitated to part with me, but such

was

was the case. As I was too much astonished to be able to return any answer, he added, that he was well aware of my attachment to a certain female in his family, and not having been able to avoid seeing her in the same light as I had done, he had that very morning made her *his wife*, which would account for the necessity of our parting.

My eyes were now opened to the cause of Betty Duster's treachery; and as I had as little inclination to obey the future commands of Lady Betty, as she had to blush at laying them upon a man with whom she had been upon such familiar terms, I immediately quitted my situation. To soften my disappointment, Sir David presented me with a bank-note for two hundred pounds, and gave me such an excellent written character, that I should not have long wanted a place, if I had wished for one; but I now began to look higher, and giving myself credit for sufficient knowledge to start upon my own bottom as a sporting man, I hastened up to London on the outside of the coach.

On my arrival, I clothed myself fashionably, and introduced myself into all the second-rate gaming-houses, tennis-courts and cockpits: but for fear that my finances should run out faster than I could recruit them, I took up my abode in a garret, for which I paid two shillings a week, and lived with the utmost frugality.

For a while I had no other guide in laying my bets, than my own little skill in physiognomy: those faces which were branded with design and suspicion, I marked down for *rooks*; whilst those which were open and frank, I set down as the characteristics of those children of ease, affluence, and credulity, the *pigeons*. Trusting to these indices, and siding with the former against the latter, I seldom lost; and scarce a night elapsed without my adding somewhat to my little capital.

My life was as different as day and night, diving into some cellar to take my cheap pennyworths, and retreating to my garret when the fatigues of a gambling life made rest indispensible. I appeared in public as a man of fortune and fashion; and although it was strongly suspected that I had no other mode of supporting myself than gaming, yet as I dressed well, paid my debts of honour, and spent my money freely, whenever I indulged (which was very seldom) in coffee-house dinners or suppers, I was countenanced by, and intimate with several persons of fashion, nay, noblemen, as I had no occasion to aim at raising myself to the manners of the nobility, as they had sunk down to that of my former situation: as they assumed the language and manners of grooms and mail-coach drivers, what was only affectation in them, was nature in me. Numbers of them were no better bred than myself, and all their little learning was of the same stamp: the only necessary attainment, was an ease not to be ruffled, and an effrontery not to be shaken. To be polished, in the present age, one needs only to be *knowing*, or to appear so.

A deep scheme was, however, laid by the family men, to make me refund my winnings with interest, as they always attack those professed gamesters who venture to act independently of them. One of the most adroit was picked out, to insinuate himself into my good opinion, and to lead me as a victim to the altar: indeed they are all adroit;

droit; but as you will readily guess, some are more so than others, as in every situation of life. The true-bred gamester must be possessed of the following natural or acquired properties: he must have an eye sharp as a hawk, to catch instantaneously the minutest errors that others may have committed, and to turn them as quickly to his own advantage; he must have more than an ordinary presence of mind, to enable to recover any *faux pas* made by himself, or to profit by that of others; he must have the nice hand of a surgeon, to fit him for performing any operation; his countenance must be ingrained to conceal shame or disappointment, and he must possess courage enow, or the affectation of it, to face out detection. One of the best skilled in the art of dissimulation was set to work upon me, and by entering into conversation whenever he met me, putting me on my guard against certain characters, and joining me in bets which were generally successful, I was insensibly drawn deeper into the snare.

He made many attempts to sound the depth of my purse; but there I was also upon my guard against him, being ashamed to confess on how small a capital I supported the figure which I made in public. Being therefore unable to ascertain to what extent he might be able to bubble me, and afraid, perhaps, of startling me, by setting off with too high a demand, he told me one day, that he would let me into a good thing as equal sharers, if I could bring about three hundred pounds with me, just to make a show at first, as he had one of the finest *flats* in the world in training, and I should be sure to carry off treble that sum with ease. As his demand did not amount to quite one half of my present capital, I agreed after some little hesitation, and repaired with the money to the rendezvous. The pretended flat, who was a *draw*, was introduced, and we won five hundred pounds from him before midnight. We then left off, just to take our supper, and my friend tipped me the wink to encourage the circulation of the glass, in order to intoxicate the flat. Whether any drug was mixed with the liquor I know not, but I was soon insensible to every thing that passed afterwards.

In the morning (as I had been put to bed in the house), I was roused by my friend, who, in a feigned phrenzy of passion, exclaimed that I had ruined both him and myself, because I would insist on playing; and had not only lost all our winnings, but the whole of our stock. As I lay like one thunderstruck, and was incapable of making any answer, he resumed his discourse in a more gentler tone, by bidding me not to despair, as we were still sure to make the bubble, who was impatient to renew the contest, refund his winnings with ample interest, if I could but bring another brace of hundreds into play, and keep sober.

If my eyes were not opened to the trick, yet my suspicions began to awake, and I resolutely refused to have any more to do with any partnership affair; upon which he left me, heartily cursing my headstrong folly.

I had now experienced such checks from love, friendship, and wine, that I resolved to discard them for ever, and to concentrate all my happiness and efforts within myself.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

COURT

## COURT MARTIAL.

THE following is the sentence of the Court-Martial held at Chelsea College on Lieutenant-Colonel Johnstone of the 102d Regiment of Foot, on certain charges exhibited against him by Colonel Bligh, late Governor of New South Wales.

### GENERAL ORDERS.

*Horse Guards, June 29, 1811.*

At a General Court-Martial held at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, on May 7, 1811, and continued by adjournments to the 5th of June following, Lieutenant-Colonel George Johnstone, Major of the 102d regiment, was arraigned upon the undermentioned charge; viz.—

"That Lieutenant-Col. George Johnstone, Major as aforesaid, did, on or about the 26th day of January, 1808, at Sidney, in the Colony of New South Wales, begin, excite, cause, and join in a mutiny, by putting himself at the head of the New South Wales Corps, then under his command, and doing duty in the Colony, and seizing and causing to be seized and arrested, and imprisoning and causing to be imprisoned, by means of the above mentioned military force, the person of William Bligh, Esq. then Captain-General, and Governor in Chief, in and over the territory of New South Wales."

The Court having duly and maturely weighed and considered the whole of the evidence adduced on the prosecution, as well as what has been offered in defence, are of opinion, that Lieutenant-Colonel Johnstone is guilty of the act of mutiny, as described in the charge, and do, therefore, sentence him to be cashiered.

I am to acquaint you, that, under all the circumstances of this case, his Royal Highness was pleased, in the name and on behalf of his Majesty, to acquiesce in the sentence of the Court.

I am further commanded to acquaint you, that in passing a sentence so inadequate to the enormity of the crime of which the prisoner has been found guilty, the Court have apparently been actuated by a consideration for the circumstances of impropriety and oppression, which, by the evidence on the face of the proceedings, appear to have so strongly marked the conduct of Governor Bligh in the administration of the high office with which he was entrusted by his Majesty. But although the Prince Regent admits the principle under which the Court have allowed this consideration to act in mitigation of the punishment which the crime of mutiny would otherwise have suggested, yet no circumstances whatever can be received by his Royal Highness in full extenuation of an assumption of power so subversive of every principle of good order and discipline, as that under which Lieutenant-Colonel Johnstone has been convicted.

You will acquaint me with the day upon which the sentence is made known to the prisoner, Lieutenant-Colonel Johnstone, as from that day he will cease to receive pay in his Majesty's service.

(Signed) FREDERICK,
Commander in Chief.

Adjutant General of the Forces.

## THE LAWS OF WHIST.

*(From "Advice to Whist Players, by T. Matthews," lately published.)*

1.—IF a card is turned up in dealing, the adverse party on naming

naming it, may call a new deal, unless they have looked at or touched the cards, so as to have occasioned it; but if any card, except the last, is faced, it is undoubtedly a new deal.

2.—Should any card player have but twelve cards, and the others their proper number, the deal is good, and he who has the twelve cards pays for any renounce he may have made; but if either have fourteen cards the deal is *lost.*

3.—If the dealer does not turn up the last card, the deal is lost.

4.—The dealer should leave the last card on the table till he has played; after which nobody can ask for it, though they may inquire what is trumps at any time. Should he leave it on the table after the first round, it may be called, as if shewn by accident.

5.—Every person has a right before he plays to call on the players to place their cards before them, which is, in other words, to ask who played them. It is therefore a quibble to say they have no right to make that dem[illegible]

6.—The partner who reminds his partner to call after the trump is turned up, forfeits a point.

7.—If one of the players omit playing to a trick, and remains with a card too many, it is at the option of the adversaries to call a new deal.

8.—If *A* plays out of his turn to his partner's lead, the *last* player may play before the *first*: if to his *adversary's*, his partner may be compelled to, or prevented from winning the trick at their option.

9.—Mistakes relative to tricks may be rectified at any time during the game, whether called or not—Also honors, if proved to have been *called* in time, though not scored; but they cannot be claimed after the trump is turned up.

10.—If one party calls at any score but eight, the adversaries may, after consulting, call a new deal; the same if one calls without *two*, or the other answers without *one* honor.

11.—If any player calls *after* he has played, the adversaries may call a new deal; but not consult together.

12.—If any person plays *out of his turn*, the adversaries have the option to call that card at any time, or direct the player, whose turn it was, to play any suit they choose.

13.—If *A*, supposing that he has won a trick, leads again before his partner has played to it, the adversaries may oblige his partner to win it, if he can.

14.—Any player may call a card from his adversary, if he names it, and proves the separation. Should he name a wrong one, he may have his best or worst card called of any suit played during the deal.

15.—Cards thrown down cannot be taken up again; but may be called by the adversaries. They may be shewn down by the player, if sure of every trick.

16.—There are in fact four penalties on a revoke, which take place of every other score. The adversaries may take three tricks from the party revoking, or three from their score, or add three to their own; and if there still should remain enough to make the party revoking game, they cannot win it, but remain at nine.

17.—A revoke is not established before the party revoking has played again, or the trick been turned and quitted; but the adversaries, at their

their option, may call from the highest or lowest of the suit at the time, or the card shewn at any time during the deal.

18.—If a revoke is claimed, the adversaries forfeit the penalties of a revoke, if they mix the cards before it is determined.

19.—No revoke can be claimed after the cards are cut for the next deal.

It is now settled, that either of the players may insist on the cards being placed at any time previous to their being put together. It is also settled, that where a bet is made, that either of the parties scores two, the bet is won by honors, though the adversary has won the game by cards—supposing it betted that *A* makes two points, if *B*, his adversary, being at seven, makes three by cards, if *A* has two by honors he still wins his bet.

PROPOSED LAWS.

Though these laws are excellent as far as they go, yet experience convinces us they are inadequate to meet the various cases that continually occur at whist tables.—Hence disputes, wagers, references, &c. arise, which are often decided differently by different referees, unsatisfactorily to the disputants, and sometimes unaccountably to those interested. It has therefore long been a desideratum, that a code should be attempted, which having undergone the ordeal of examination by proper judges, should, with any addition they may think proper to make, be hung up in the various club-rooms, as a classical authority to be referred to on all occasions. As nobody yet has undertaken this necessary task, whose acknowledged judgment would prevent all difference of opinion, I have attempted something of the kind. The cases, with their decisions, I know to have happened; and the consequent rules which I endeavour to establish, are founded on the following principle of all laws; viz. That *penalties* should be in exact proportion to the *advantages possible* to accrue from the transgression.

Whether these regulations are adopted or not, if they stimulate some person more capable of the task to accomplish what I fail in, I shall by no means regret the trouble I have taken, or be mortified at the rejection of my opinions.

*Case* 1.—The parties were each at the score of 8; *A*, the elder hand called, having but one honor in his hand, and his partner did not answer it. *B*, the next adversary, *though he had two honors*, did not call, as he of course thought it could be to no purpose. The game being played out was won against the honors. This was referred on the spot, and decided in favour of the tricks; but in my opinion so improperly, that I do not hesitate to propose the following law to be added to the present code:—

"Whoever calls, having only one honor in his hand, should forfeit in proportion to any advantage that actually *does* or *may* possibly accrue, from the fault. Should it prevent the adversaries from calling, after the hand is played out, the honors shall take place of the tricks."

*Case* 2.—The dealer, after shewing the trump card, through awkwardness let it fall on its face. It was determined on the spot that the deal should not stand good, but the card having been seen, as there could be no possible advantage made by the mistake, I am of a different opinion, and propose the following addition to the 3d law as it now stands in this book—

 "But

"But if the card is shewn, and falls on its face by accident *afterwards:* then the deal to stand good."

*Case* 3.—*A* playing out of his turn, *B* his partner was directed to play a trump; *B*, however, led another suit, and three or four cards were played before it was discovered that *B* had a trump in his hand. It was referred to me on the spot, as no printed laws reached the case. I decided that the cards should be taken up again, and a trump led by *B* as directed. This decision was approved by both parties, and I propose it as a law on any similar occasion.

*Case* 4.—*A* called at eight; his partner did not answer, though he had an honor, having a bet on the odd trick. The adversaries contended that the deal should not stand, and a wager was laid in consequence, and referred to me. I decided that the game was fairly won, because there could be no possible advantage made of the circumstance as far as related to the *game*, though it might as to the *trick*, had that been the case referred. I thing it impossible to object to the following law, viz.

"No one is obliged to answer to his partner's call, even though he has the other two honors in his hand."

*Case* 5.—*A* at the score of eight, on gradually opening his hand saw two honors in it immediately, and told his partner of it, who did not answer. *A* continuing to look through his cards, found a third honor, and shewed them down. It was contended that he had no right to do this, and decided as I hear against him; but I am fully convinced improperly, and I propose as a law, that

"No man having three honors in his hand can be precluded from taking advantage of them at any time previous to his playing a card."

I shall now attempt to frame a law, which, if agreed to, will in my opinion, put a stop to a practice that, though perhaps not meant so, is in itself absolutely unfair, and what is still worse, is the parent of all those unpleasant disputes and altercations which form the only objections to a game in every other respect calculated for rational amusement. I need scarcely add, that I mean the discovery, by words or gestures, of your approbation or dislike to your partner's play, before the deal is absolutely finished. I do not mean to prevent talking over the last hand between the deals, but that it should be absolutely prohibited under a severe penalty to say a word between the turning up of the trump card and playing the last card of the deal, except what is already allowed by the rules of the game—such as to ask what are trumps, to desire the cards may be drawn, &c. The law I propose is this—

"Whoever shall, by word or gesture, manifestly discover his approval or disapprobation of his partner's mode of play, or ask any questions but such as are specifically allowed by the existing Laws of Whist, the adversary shall either add a point to his own score, or deduct one from the party so transgressing at his option."

## AMERICAN SPORTING.

FAIR-View Races, near Bristol, in Pennsylvania, 1811.

*Thursday, May* 9.—A Purse of 400 dollars; four-mile heats.

Mr. Badger's ch. h. Duroc, by Diomed, 5 yrs old, 112lbs. 1 1

Mr.

Mr. Bond's g. g. Hampton, by Diomed, aged, 123lbs. . . . . 2 2

First heat run in 7m. 52s.; second in 8m. 4s.: a hard race.

*Friday, May* 10.—A Purse of 250 dollars; three-mile heats.

Mr. Bond's ch. h. Eclipse, by First Consul, 5 yrs old, 112lbs. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 1 3 1

Mr. Badger's ch. h. Rat, by Clifton, aged, 126lbs. . . . 3 1 2

Mr. Allen's b. h. Sir Solomon, by Tickle Toby, 6 yrs old, 120lbs. . . . . . . . . 2 2 3

First heat run in 6m.; second, 6 m. 1s.; third, 5m. 55s.; a very hard and beautiful race.

*Saturday, May* 11.—A Purse of 150 dollars; two-mile heats.

Mr. Hughes's ch. c. Financier, by Expedition, 4 yrs old, 102lbs. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 1 1

Mr. Badger's b. c. Pegasus, by Expedition, 4 yrs old, 102lbs. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 2 2

Mr. Burke's ch. g. Favorite, by ——, aged, 123lbs. . . . . . . dis.

Mr. Allen's br. c. Buzzard, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 102lbs. dis.

First heat run in 3m. 49s.; second, 4m.; the first heat a very good race, the last won very easy.

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## ANY THING NEW?

A New Musical Farce, under the above title, was brought out on Monday, the 1st instant, at the English Opera, Lyceum Theatre; it is the production of Mr. Pocock, a gentleman well known to the public as the author of "Yes or No," "Hit or Miss," &c. The following are the Dramatis Personæ, and plot of the piece:—

Mr. Sidney . . . . . . . . . Mr. Penson.
Old Whitethorn . . . . . . Mr. Smith.
Oliver Whitethorn . . . . Mr. Knight.
Jeremiah Babble. . . . . . Mr. Lovegrove.
Peter Babble . . . . . . . . Mr. Oxberry.
La Roque. . . . . . . . . . . Mr. Wewitzer.
Mrs. Antidote . . . . . . . Mrs. Sparks.
Ellen Whitethorn . . . . Mrs. Bland.
Fanny Transit . . . . . . . Miss Kelly.

Babble and his son Peter are two coxcombs, who keep a perfumer's shop in a village, where they render themselves generally obnoxious by their mischievous prattle; Fanny Transit is a rural coquette, who is beloved by Oliver Whitethorn, whose father is reduced to distress, because his son is more attentive in his *devoirs* towards his mistress, than his duty towards his parent. A Mr. Sidney appears as having recently arrived from abroad, whom Oliver suddenly intreats for money to supply the necessities of his father, which leads to a rumour that he had committed a robbery; but eventually this Oliver turns out to be Mr. Sidney's son, and Fanny and he are rendered happy. Mrs. Antidote is entangled in an equivoque with Babble, which is enforced by the passion of love on her part, and the love of money on his. La Roque is the valet de chambre of Mr. Sidney, and the little he had to do or say, was so well managed by Mr. Wewitzer, that we regretted his scenic agency was so confined. The piece concluded with considerable applause.

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EXTRACT FROM THE FARCE.

SCENE V.—*An Apartment at Mrs. Antidote's.—Enter Fanny Transit.*

*Fanny. (singing)* "A soldier, a soldier, a soldier for me."—Heigho! they're gone, not a red coat to be seen; no more reviews, no more delightful music, no more moon-light walks. Why was not Oliver a soldier? in regimentals he'd

he'd have outshone them all. It's a great pity he wasn't a soldier!—Oh! here comes my sage Duenna, Mrs. Antidote, who wishes to appear fifteen at forty-five, by using every new cosmetic that's advertised; and because she thinks that foolish old perfumer, Mr. Babble, wants to marry her, would fain have me take a liking to his stupid fop of a son.

*Enter Mrs. Antidote, (reading.)*

*Mrs. Ant.* Bloom of Circassia—Alabaster wash—Otto of rose—French rouge—Court Plaister.—The very articles in which my toilet is most in want. Oh, Fanny, I have just received such gratifying intelligence——

*Fanny.* From my uncle, Madam?

*Mrs. Ant.* From your uncle, child! No; from Mr. Babble. He has just received a new stock of cosmetics from London, by the help of which we shall eclipse the whole village.

*Fanny.* Youth and beauty, Madam, require no aid from such quackeries. They are fit only for declining batchelors, and decayed old maids!

*Mrs. Ant.* Old maids, Miss Transit! Insufferable assurance!

*Fanny.* But I guess the cause. The all-powerful Mr. Babble, whose persuasive eloquence would make you consume every nostrum in his shop.

*Mrs. Ant.* Silence! silence! Miss Transit, I insist!

*Fanny.* By all means, Madam; and in return, I beg you'll never plague me by enumerating the accomplishments of his stupid booby of a son. My uncle, Madam, never intended me for the wife of a paltry perfumer.——

*Mrs. Ant.* Paltry perfumer, indeed! but I insist on your treating young Mr. Babble with proper respect.

*Fanny.* With proper respect, I certainly will. I'll slap his ugly face the first time he has the impudence to shew it.

*Jeremy Babble (without).*

*J. Bab.* Mrs. Antidote at home? I'm a happy man. *(Enters).* Both ladies here—doubly blest—say a good word to the young one for son Peter—Mrs. Antidote, your most obedient—Miss Fanny, yours—just call'd in to pay my duty—left the shop in care of Peter—my son—a young man of strong parts—Miss Transit, though I say it that shouldn't, cuts a crop in the highest style of elegance—and for a peruke, he has no fellow—his father excepted—excuse vanity, ladies. The bill came safe to hand, I trust—never in the whole course of business received so choice an assemblage—hope you have fixed on the articles wanted, or you'll be too late; and never again may Jeremiah Babble have such an opportunity of gratifying his friends and the public with superior goods. Esprit de Rose—transparent Soap—Macasser Oil—Hair, tooth and Nail Brushes—Combs of all descriptions—washes and lotions of all kinds—Powder-puffs—Spanish blacking, and Bear's grease.

*Fanny.* Blacking did you say, Mr. Babble?

*J. Bab.* Certainly—Miss Fanny—certainly—nothing but what my shop affords—Drugs—Chemicals—Family medicines and perfumery in all its branches, I polish the heels as well as the head—and in these times, ladies (sorry am I to say it) the head's thought little of—outside polish is all the go—and heads are cropt instead of ears. By the bye—d'ye use honey-water

—some

—some o'th' best in England—seven and sixpence a bottle—my son uses it—he's got a head——

*Fanny.* So has a calf——

*J. Bab.* Bless my soul—very rude that——

*Mrs. Ant.* Allow me to say, dear Mr. Babble——

*J. Bab.* Dear! no such thing—cheap as dirt, Ma'am—only seven-and-sixpence—damme, they want a pint bottle to hold a quart.

*Mrs. Ant.* You mistake, Sir! I have mark'd those articles I wish for, and you'll oblige me by calling with them yourself.

*J. Bab.* Always grateful.

*Fanny.* Or by sending your most accomplished son; but be sure he brings his head.

*J. Bab.* Ha! don't like that girl—son Peter must tho'—or shop will go to the devil—must marry her—I'll marry the old one—make her look like a Venus in a month, by the help of my new specific.—Bless my soul! Peter——

*Enter Peter.*

*Peter.* Oh father, who'd ha' thought it—

*J. Bab.* What!—Any Thing New?

*Peter.* Yes—Old Whitethorn—

*J. Bab.* Indeed—what of him?

*Peter.* Can't tell—but young Whitethorn—

*Fanny.* What! Oliver Whitethorn?—has any thing happened?

*Peter.* Yes, something has happen'd—

*Mrs. Ant.* What is it, Mr. Peter?

*Peter.* That's what I want to know—couldn't get particulars—something's gone wrong—Oliver's gone away—Ellen's gone silly—that's nothing new—most women keep her in countenance——

*J. Bab.* But who's taking care of my shop, eh?

*Peter.* Oh, lord—I forgot the shop.

*J. Bab.* Forgot the shop?

*Peter.* Yes—heard there was something new—away I run—call'd at Ellen's—she cried, sighed, and so forth—very fond of me—can't help it—no more can I—Mum—I say nothing—'twon't do—ask'd her father for Oliver—he rail'd at Miss Transit—call'd her flirt—jilt—coquette—all sorts of paw-paw names.

*J. Bab.* But what's become of the shop?

*Peter.* Damn the shop—sick of perfumery—hate medicines—want something new.

*Fanny.* Provoking—I fear I've behaved very ill to poor Oliver—should any thing happen to him, I shall break my heart.

*Mrs. Ant.* Ridiculous! Miss Transit—I desire you'll attend my instructions—respecting young Mr. Babble—

*Fanny.* I hate him—detest him—yet—well, Madam, I shall obey you; I'll make the fool pleased with himself, and by his means, if possible, learn some news of my poor deserted lover. Mr. Babble—

*J. Bab.* (*running forward*) Your slave—any commands in my way?

*Fanny.* I wish to have a little—

*J. Bab.* Arquebusade—or orange flower-water—

*Fanny.* No, no, a few minutes conversation with your son, Sir.

*Peter.* With me—bless my soul—here's something new—out of the way, Dad!—I'm the man for the ladies—my figure fetches 'em all—

*J. Bab.* Well done, Peter—now's your time—I'll run home directly. (*runs against* Mrs. Ant.) Mrs. Antidote—beg a thousand pardons.

*Mrs. Ant.* My dear Sir, you're not leaving us already—

J. Bab

*J. Bab.* My dear Madam, your agreeable society—Now's the time —shop may take care of itself, as Peter says—(*retires with* Mrs. Antidote.)

*Fanny.* I wish to speak—that is to say—

*Peter.* Oh! oh! bashful—can't bring it out—

*Fanny.* You are no doubt aware of the favourable impression I have received——

*Peter.* Favourable impression—it's a done thing—

*Fanny.* Makes me anxious——

*Peter.* Agitation—

*Fanny.* To know the face of one—

*Peter.* Palpitation—

*Fanny.* And from your lips alone I wait—

*Peter.* Expectation——

*Fanny.* To hear some tidings of —Oliver Whitethorn.

*Peter.* Damnation!

*Fanny.* When I receive intelligence of him, I shall judge better how to conduct myself to one, who has so strong an interest in this poor fluttering heart—(*aside.*) If I succeed—I'll make a proper fool of you, before I've done.

*Peter.* I wish you every success in that you can desire, Miss Fanny —I'll about it directly—all the particulars—(*aside*)—soon have her——pretty poppet—handsome couple——

*Fanny.* Stay—I depend on secrecy—

*Peter.* Mum's the word—I say nothing—Peter's the boy.

*Fanny.* And should any thing transpire—

*Peter.* Any Thing New?—you have the first information—Bless my soul—here's an upshot—

(*J. Babble and Mrs. Antidote return.*)

Out of the way, Dad;—my figure has done it. [*Exit.*

*J. Bab.* Why he went off with a bounce, like a bottle of my best American spruce.

*Fanny.* On a little message for me, Sir.

*J. Bab.* He's highly honoured! —oh! its all settled—the bargain's struck—I'm a happy man—

*Mrs. Ant.* Vastly well indeed, Miss Transit; we'll talk of this presently. Mr. Babble and myself have a few arrangements to make which will detain me—

*Fanny.* Oh; I beg I may not interrupt you; I feel a little indisposed, and shall be glad to retire.

*J. Bab.* Indisposed—don't say so—pray let me recommend care —shall I send any thing—I have every thing—sal volatile—æther—hartshorn—spirit of lavender—aromatic vinegar, fresh from 'pothecary's hall, in the highest state of perfection.

*Fanny.* Nothing you can offer will be of the least service to me. I leave you to your tête-à-tête. Interesting—amiable couple—ha! ha. [*Exit.*

*Bab.* Ha! ha! Don't like that laugh, tho'—Smoke a quiz—— Didn't like that calve's head at all.

*Mrs. Ant.* Friends like you, Sir, are seldom met with; and I always like to make the most of 'em—It's a way I have.

*Bab.* Madam! It's a way I have. If not shut up shop—but, with such a friend—partner, I would say—

*Mrs. Ant.* Oh! Mr. Babble!

*Bab.* Oh! Mrs. Antidote! (*aside.*) She blushes without rouge —wonderful—out of fashion long ago.

*Mrs. Ant.* Adieu! dear Mr. Babble. Endeavour to spare an early hour—You have motives sufficient I trust—Adieu. [*Exit.*

*J. Bab.* Adieu—dear Mrs. Antidote—that woman's Antidote by name,

name, and Antidote by nature—Love's out of the question—must marry her for all that—As to motives—I've one that's irresistable—my bill—knock at the door—again in an hour—want money—must have it—and she has fifteen hundred pounds—certain remedy for a consumption—will do more execution than all the physic in my shop.

## DEER STEALING.

THE following is an Act passed in the present Sessions of Parliament to amend an Act of the forty-seventh year of his present Majesty, for more effectually preventing the stealing of deer.

" Whereas by an Act passed in the forty-second year of the reign of his present Majesty, intituled, *An Act for more effectually preventing the stealing of deer*, no provision is made for a mitigation of the pecuniary penalties thereby imposed for committing the several offences therein mentioned, from the want whereof considerable inconvenience has arisen; be it therefore enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that, on the conviction of any offender under the said Act, for wilfully coursing or hunting, or taking in any slip, noose, toil, or snare, or killing, wounding, or destroying or shooting, or otherwise attempting to kill, wound, or destroy, or carrying away, any red or fallow deer, kept or being in the unenclosed part of any forest, chase, purlieu, or ancient wall, without the consent of the owner of such deer, or without being otherwise duly authorized, or for knowingly being aiding, abetting, or assisting therein or thereunto; it shall and may be lawful for the Magistrate or Magistrates by and before whom such offender or offenders shall be convicted, to mitigate the penalty of fifty pounds thereby imposed for the first offence to any sum at their discretion not less than twenty pounds, to be levied in the manner directed by the said recited Act: provided always, that every other part and provision in the said recited Act shall be and remain in full force and effect as if this Act had not been made or passed."

## INSTANCES OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Continued from page 112.

I Will run as quickly, and as briefly as possible, through the most material of the various abuses of horses in particular, which I have noticed. I declare it with the sincerest pleasure, I have not of late heard of that detestable practice, which formerly disgraced the conduct of many of our unthinking young men, who paid for driving tired horses, for the purpose of enjoying the unnatural pleasure of inflicting upon them the utmost tortures of the whip, in proportion as their strength and ability were exhausted! When cruelty, or unnecessary severity, is practised in horse-racing, it is usually among ignorant and black-guard pretenders; the true gentleman-sportsman, from his knowledge and experience, is able to judge with sufficient accuracy

curacy of the extent of his horse's powers, and to discriminate between the correction necessary to excite exertion, and bootless cruelty. Such a character would ever rather choose to err on the side of humanity, if, in any sense, that could be called an error. Some jockies are in the odious habit of butchering and cutting up their horses unnecessarily, or merely to make an ostentatious display of their powers in the use of the whip and spur; to speak the truth, they lie under a disagreeable predicament in the case; their bread being at stake, they must not incur suspicion; but I have known men of that class, of feeling hearts as well as keen heads, and who possessed the justest ideas of compassion. The following anecdote will serve the purpose of further illustration. Some years since, a young jockey, who was in no particular service, but rode for various employers, described to me very feelingly the painful situation in which he then found himself: he had lately ridden the horse of a certain man, who kept several in training, and of whom he earned a good deal of money; but notwithstanding the utmost skill, with a particular horse he found it impossible to win. He was engaged to ride the same horse again, at a place where he was sure to meet the same, or, in all probability, horses of yet superior form. He represented to his employer the impossibility of winning, for although his horse was both stout and honest, his antagonists went much too fast for him, that he could make no impression upon them, even by running distrest every yard of the course.—Such reasoning was not calculated to make any impression upon the solid sconce, or marble heart, of this Smithfield sportsman. He chided the lad for his too great tenderness to the horse in the last race; and for the succeeding one, his orders were, "Make him win, or cut his bloody entrails out—Mark—if you don't give him his belly-full of whip, you never ride again for me—I'll find horse, if you'll find whip and spur."—The generous little* horse ran three four-mile heats without flinching, or hanging for a single stroke, with that excess of exertion, that his very eye-balls seemed ready to start from their sockets, but unsuccessfully: and, with an aching heart, I saw him literally cut up alive, from his shoulder to his flank, his sheath in ribbands, and his testicles laid bare. To my great mortification, no one took it in hand to rebuke the thick-headed miscreant (* * * *, some time since departed to another world, where he may find poor Hussar) who was the author of this useless piece of cruelty, except his jockey; who swore he would perish for want, sooner than repeat such an act of infamy.

Few sporting people, in or near the metropolis, but have heard of the hard fate of the poor old flea-bitten grey gelding. This excellent creature, though not a full-bred horse, thrice ran twenty-two miles within the hour, over the hard road. By way of reward for such uncommon excellence, he was afterwards, when his powers had declined, killed in an unsuccessful match, with circumstances of the most horrid barbarity. I have

* Got by Snap, and the race over Epsom; the jockey William Barnes, living chiefly at Bloss's, the then trainer at Epsom.

been

been informed, he was whipped to that excess, that his entrails were visible, and even hung trailing on the ground (I speak from information only, and heartily wish the owner, if he be still alive, may have it in his power to contradict a story so much to his discredit. The ill-judged and unskilful attempts of ignorant people, at matching and racing upon the hard road, which they prefer, are almost ever attended with disgusting circumstances of cruelty.

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## THE VIRTUES OF A ROPE-DANCER.

*An Anecdote related of Dr. Johnson.*

APRIL the 10th, I dined with him at Sir J. R———'s. I regret that I have preserved but few minutes of his conversation on that day, though he was less talkative, and fuller of capriciousness and contradiction, than usual, as the following dialogue may shew—whilst at the same time it proves, that there is no question so entirely barren of matter or argument, which could not furnish him an occasion of displaying the powers of his mighty mind.

We talked of public places; and one gentlemen spoke warmly of Sadler's Wells. Mr. C———, who had been so unfortunate as to displease Dr. Johnson, and wished to reinstate himself in his good opinion, thought he could not do it more effectually than by decrying such light amusements as those of tumbling and rope-dancing; in particular he asserted that 'a rope-dancer was, in his opinion, the most despicable of human beings.' Johnson (awfully rolling himself, as he prepared to speak, and bursting out into a thundering tone), said, 'Sir, you might as well say that St. Paul was the most despicable of human beings. Let us beware how we petulantly and ignorantly traduce a character which puts all other characters to shame. Sir, a rope-dancer concentrates in himself all the cardinal virtues.'—Well as I was acquainted with the sophistical talents of my friend, and often as I had listened to him in wonder, while he 'made the worse appear the better reason,' I could not but suppose that, for once, he had been betrayed by his violence into an assertion which he could not support. Urged by my curiosity, and perhaps rather wickedly desirous of leading him into a contest, I ventured to say, in a sportive familiar manner, which he sometimes indulgently permitted me to use, 'Indeed, Dr. Johnson! did I hear you right? A rope-dancer concentrate in himself all the cardinal virtues?' The answer was ready: 'Why, yes, Sir, deny it who dare. I say, in a rope-dancer there is *temperance*, and *faith*, and *hope*, and *charity*, and *justice*, and *prudence*, and *fortitude*.' Still I was not satisfied: and, desirous to hear his proofs at full length: — Boswell—why, to be sure, Sir, *fortitude* I can easily conceive.'—Johnson (interrupting me), 'Sir, if you cannot conceive the rest, it is to no purpose that you conceive the seventh. But to those who cannot comprehend, it is necessary to explain. Why then, Sir, we will begin with *temperance*. Sir, if the joys of the bottle entice him one inch beyond the line of sobriety, his life or his limbs must pay the forfeit of his excess. Then, Sir, there is *faith*. Without unshaken confidence in his

his own powers, and full assurance that the rope is firm, his temperance will be but of little advantage: the unsteadiness of his nerves would prove as fatal as the intoxication of his brain. Next, Sir, we have *hope.* A dance so dangerous, who ever exhibited, unless lured by the hope of fortune or of fame? *Charity* next follows: and what instance of charity shall be opposed to that of him, who, in the hope of administering to the gratification of others, braves the hiss of multitudes, and derides the dread of death? Then, Sir, what man will withold from the funambulist the praise of *justice,* who considers his inflexible uprightness, and that he holds his balance with so steady a hand, as never to incline, in the minutest degree, to one side or the other. Nor, in the next place, is his *prudence* more disputable than his justice. He has chosen, indeed, a dangerous accomplishment; but while it is remembered that he is temerarious in the maturity of his art, let it not be forgotten that he was cautious in its commencement; and that, while he was yet in the rudiments of rope-dancing, he might securely fail in his footing, while his instructors stood ready on either side to prevent or to alleviate his fall. Lastly, Sir, those who, from dullness or from obstinacy, shall refuse to the rope-dancer the applauses due to temperance, faith, hope, charity, justice, and prudence, will yet scarcely be so hardened in falsehood, or in folly, as to deny him the laurels of *fortitude.* He that is content to totter on a cord, while his fellow-mortals sit securely on the broad basis of *terra firma:* who performs the jocund evolutions of the dance on a superficies, compared to which, the verge of a precipice is a stable station; may rightfully snatch the wreath from the conqueror and the martyr; may boast that he exposes himself to hazards, from which he might fly to the cannon's mouth as a refuge or a relaxation! Sir, let us now be told no more of the infamy of the rope-dancer.'

When he had ended, I could not help whispering Sir J. R.—Boswell, 'how wonderfully does our friend extricate himself out of difficulties! He is like quicksilver: try to grasp him in your hand, and he makes his escape between every finger.' This image I afterwards ventured to mention to our great moralist and lexicographer, saying, 'may not I flatter myself, Sir, that it was a passable metaphor?—Johnson, 'why, yes, Sir!'

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## ACTION FOR CRIM. CON.

*Tried in the Court of King's Bench, before Lord Ellenborough and a Special Jury, July* 13, 1811.

Moore *v.* Millar.

THE Attorney - General stated this to be an action by which the plaintiff sought to recover a compensation in damages for the greatest possible injury which a man could sustain—namely, for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife. The plaintiff, in this case, is a gentleman of large landed property in the county of Sussex, who, in the year 1796, married his present wife, by whom he has a family of six children. From motives of economy, and that he might be the better enabled to pay off some debts with which his estates were burthened, the plaintiff had, within these few years, quitted the present mansion-house on his estate, in which he had

had been accustomed to reside, and had gone with his family to live in greater retirement at a cottage in the neighbourhood of Long Melford, where he was, what might be truly called a practical farmer, keeping the greater part of his estate in his own hands. The defendant was a person in a very different line of life, being the plaintiff's bailiff or steward. The Jury would teach persons in this situation, however, that they were not to commit injuries of this kind, and then to go on with impunity, merely because they were in dependant stations in life. The defendant was a person who, from the education he had received, and the habits in which he had been brought up, was to be considered in a very different light from a common bailiff or land-steward. His knowledge and general information were of a very superior kind, and his manners were much more nearly approximated to those of a gentleman. He was a native of that part of the country to which his Learned Friend, to whom was entrusted the conduct of the defendant's cause, belonged. Accustomed to contemplate the majestic scenery of the north, he had imbibed all those romantic notions which such scenes are calculated to inspire. The fictions of Ossian still fresh in his memory, he had come into the service of the plaintiff, as manager of his farming concerns; there he met the plaintiff's wife, who, removed from a more lively scene to one of greater retirement, though not without its beauties, might be supposed to be in a train of mind not unlikely to have her feelings wrought upon by this romantic admirer of the rhapsodies of the son of Fingal. Being brought to this state, the parties soon conceived themselves to be the hero and heroine of the tale. He was her Oscar, she was his Malvina. The reading of the defendant, however, was by no means confined to a knowledge of the writings of Ossian: he was qualified, too, to instruct the plaintiff's wife in modern philosophy, and had been seen by the servants to give her the kiss of peace. Before the plaintiff the parties were sufficiently circumspect, but the servants had perceived an evident partiality in their mistress, towards the steward, for a considerable time previous to the transaction which gave rise to the present action. On the 19th of November last, the plaintiff having gone to London, his wife, on the following day, had the defendant to dine with her, which the Attorney-General did not mention as in itself extraordinary, the defendant being a frequent guest at the table of the plaintiff. It was remarked by the servants, however, that on that day Mrs. Moore ordered a bed room to be prepared for her, in which she had not been accustomed to sleep, and also ordered the area of a china closet, which communicated with that bed room, and which, at the time was covered with china, to be cleared. About ten o'clock at night, Mrs. Moore, being watched by her servants, was observed, after the defendant had apparently taken his leave, to wave with her hand from the stairs to some person in the hall, when the defendant was seen advancing towards her, and to accompany her up stairs. In a few minutes Mrs. Moore came down again, but the defendant did not. The servants, resolved to satisfy themselves, went up and searched the different rooms, all except the china closet, which they found

found locked. They perceived, however, that a chair which belonged to Mrs. Moore's dressing-room was missing; and unless it was possible that the defendant had escaped like one of Ossian's Spirits, and had contrived to carry the chair with him, there seemed no other mode within the bounds of human reason of accounting for their non-appearance than by supposing that they had both found their way into the china closet. In about three quarters of an hour Mrs. Moore returned to her bed-chamber, and was heard to lock her own door, and to unlock that of the china closet; shortly afterwards a heavy step, clearly that of a man, was heard to advance as from the closet to the bed, the person so advancing being dressed in boots, or in shoes which made a creaking noise. Within a few minutes, the servants, who had gone into the parlour below, being still on the watch, heard a noise above them, which satisfied them that there were two persons in the bed together. These were circumstances which could leave no doubt on the minds of the Jury as to the defendant's guilt. He (the Attorney-General) did not ask, however, nor did the plaintiff instruct him to ask, any thing like excessive damages.

Mary Digby, Susan Tilson, and Wm. Snazell, three of the plaintiff's servants, fully proved the circumstances stated by the Attorney-General, as going to infer the criminal intercourse between the parties.

Lord H. Fitzroy, Colonel Rushford, Mr. Dawson, and Mr. Chevalier, proved that the defendant and his wife, who was a daughter of the late Admiral Cotton, and had been married to the plaintiff by consent of her mother, before she was of age, lived happily together.

Wm. East, the plaintiff's butler, however, spoke to disagreements between Mr. and Mrs. Moore, which existed previous to the defendant's coming into the plaintiff's service, which it was, at one time, proposed, should terminate in a separation.

Mr. Park, in a very ingenious speech, addressed the Jury on the part of the defendant. The fanciful allusions of the Attorney-General to the poem of Ossian, he could not but think altogether uncalled for. No evidence had been given at all to warrant what his Learned Friend had said as to the defendant having wrought on the mind of Mrs. Moore, and having carried her feelings up to that fanciful height to which his own imagination was represented as having mounted. Not only was there no proof of the defendant's being Mrs. Moore's Oscar, while she was his Malvina; it did not even appear that the defendant was at all acquainted with the poems in question. The defendant was, no doubt, a countryman of his (Mr. Park), that is to say, he was a native of the north of England. If the Attorney-General, however, must select some fanciful work, which a person, circumstanced as the defendant unfortunately was, might be supposed to have made his study, he conceived he might have found one much more applicable to the case, in supposing him to have studied "The Loves of the Plants," a work of which Dr. Darwin, a native of a more southern part of England, was the author.

Mr. Park went on to contend that there was here no actual proof of criminality; if the Jury were

satisfied,

satisfied, however, on this head, and believed the witnesses for the plaintiff, still he submitted that the evidence of those very witnesses shewed that the advances had not been made on the part of the defendant; and besides it appeared that it was not through the defendant that the plaintiff lost the affections of his wife. The damages, therefore, he submitted, supposing the Jury to be satisfied of the criminality of the defendant, must be the very lowest which could be given.

After a very pointed and discriminating charge by Lord Ellenborough, the Jury found for the plaintiff.—Damages 50l.

## BOXING.

A Boxing Match between Powers and King (the latter of whom was a candidate for fighting fame) took place on Tuesday, the 16th instant, at Moulsey Hurst, for 50 guineas and a liberal subscription purse. Powers is a man of science, superior to most professors, and inferior to none, and his qualifications as a boxer were opposed to an alledged novice, of something about two stone more in weight, but one who had put on the gloves at the Fives Court, and proved himself something more than a novice at setting-to, which assertion the sequel of this combat will justify. At twelve o'clock the combatants shewed, with their seconds, Paddington Jones and J. Clarke for Powers, and Richmond and R. Hall for King. Betting was at the high odds of 9 to 4 on Powers, from his known superior science against this supposed novice.

Round 1. King made an attempt to hit in force with the right hand, which was stopped, and hits of one two, left and right, were planted on his head and body, which produced blood, and a knock-down, but Powers received a hit betwixt the blows.

2. The first round had not intimidated King. He again made play, and planted a good right-handed blow on his adversary's throat, which hit him away, and a blow with the left hand fell short. Powers by quickness was in with his antagonist, and hit him a good left-handed facer, with which he went down on being quickly followed to an irregular close.

3. A sharp rally, in which several blows were exchanged, after Powers, by science, planted one with his left hand, which was returned by King with the right hand. This round displayed the courage of King, who gave and took until a close floored both.—2 to 1 on Powers.

4. Powers hit his antagonist left and right again, but he received the force of a well-directed blow on the throat, in return for the left-handed hit, but was thrown in closing.—Betting two points more in favour of King than at setting-to.

5. King planted a left-handed hit something out of length, which he followed quickly with the right, which Powers avoided by science, and in closing, Powers gave him a scientific cross-buttock.

6. A handsome rallying round, commencing by each making play, King with the right hand, and Powers with the left at the same instant; but King's blow told on the head of his antagonist, by having length on him. Several good blows, which tried the bottom of each,

each, were exchanged, and the round altogether was in favour of King, whose courage became at this time undoubted; blows of force were exchanged; and King was at length thrown a cross-buttock; but his adversary, in his exertion, threw him with too great eagerness, and he received a hurt in the right shoulder against a ring stake, which, if it did not disable him, was a formidable grievance to him during the contest.

7. Powers had received some good strait right-handed blows of his adversary, more about the neck and body than in parts more visible, and he changed his mode of fighting in this round, which was by stopping the punishing right hand of his adversary, and getting away to hit, and in this he succeeded.

8. Powers hit his adversary a blow of force, at length well judged, on the mouth, and he got away and repeated the same, and gave a specimen of science, outrivalling the best exertions of Belcher, by repeating his blows, and avoiding his adversary's, until King was knocked down against the ropes, bleeding from every channel.

9. King commenced a rally, of which he had the best, by straight right-handed hits, which told on the head and neck of his antagonist. His superior strength carried the sway of the round, but although he had the best of hitting, he received a repetition of a most violent cross-buttock.

10. King received a tremendous left-handed facer on the mouth, which had previously swollen much, and it was followed by a scientific hit on the throat, with which King went down.

11. A determined rallying round, in which King put in as many blows as his adversary, and both fell in a rally.

12. The rallying renewed as in the last round; but Powers by science hit his adversary by good right-handed blows, staggering away. King gamely renewed the rally, and whilst he received a repetition of right-handed blows from Powers about the head, he returned them with the gluttony of a Gully or a Crib, and had none the worst of the round from the weakness of his antagonist, who was thrown.

13. Powers hit down his man with the left hand by another left-handed blow on the mouth, which had been before much beaten, as was the left side of King's head, from the temple to the neck.

Having thus far described the *slaughtering* rounds of this fight, the remainder will be better conveyed by a general description than a continuation of every round. Powers had found King a courageous man, and a good right-handed hitter in the early part of the combat, and he was compelled with all his science to change his system as early as the sixth round, for this supposed novice hit straight and well with his right hand, and his superior strength rendered the change in Powers's system necessary. The great object of Powers' science was in hitting and getting away during the latter part of the battle, for he was opposed to a man determinedly courageous, and of superior strength and weight, and who did not appear to feel the effects of punishment.

Powers fought thus at points till he was scarcely able to continue the administration of beating to an adversary which required so much to satiate him.—Betting became about six to four in the 26th round, for although the left side of the

the head of King was a punishment in itself for a spectator to view, yet he fought with that sort of true courage which cannot be forgotten by his enemies, or too highly appreciated by his friends. He was worse beaten even than the courageous Medley, with the phenomenon Dutch Sam; and Powers, too, had his allowance, about the neck and body particularly. He had to fight a determined game man of superior weight, and nothing but his pre-eminent science could have carried him on to victory with a customer so troublesome; added to which, he carried away that sort of punishment, with the addition of his hurt in the sixth round, which rendered his courage and game doubtless.

After forty-six rounds had been fought in fifty-seven minutes, King had no chance of winning, and the gentleman who backed him urged him to resign, when he was yet anxious for a continuance of the combat in opposition to his strength and feeling. He has fixed himself high on the list, and Powers has shewn himself a twelve-stone man equal to any of the day.

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On the evening of the sparring for the benefit of James Belcher, as sanguinary a conflict ensued at the house of Richmond the Black, as was ever witnessed since the days of Broughton and Slack to the present time, between two gentlemen—Mr. George Kent, and Mr. G. H. Cowlam, the well-known Westminster patriot; the latter wished to meet his man in any other way than the fist, but as it was determined that blood should be spilt, the professional hands and amateurs present considered they were best fulfilling their duty towards humanity by laying aside the more deadly weapons of pistol and sword, and to appeal at once to the fist.

The challenger was the man of Kent, who had seen much service in the field, and therefore could not fail to interest and edify the amateurs. Clark and Sir Henry Smith, Bart. (a distinguished amateur and patroniser of the science) seconded the Patriot; Mr. Harrison and Gregson did the same office for the man of Kent; Mr. Jackson, time-keeper. At setting to, 40 to 10 on the man of Kent, who took the lead for the first fifteen minutes, as his skill and dexterity were irresistible, and the Patriot had eight falls, four of which were as tremendous as were ever witnessed. 100 to 10 against the Patriot's coming to time, who came forth, smiled, and gave his adversary a dreadful one-two hit which floored him. 13th round, the Patriot received a cut on the right eye, but returned his adversary a stomacher. 14th round, the Patriot rallied, and hit over the guard of his adversary, but in return received a facer.—15th, 16th, 17th, they hit till both fell. 18th and 19th rounds, the Patriot called time, and walked up to the man of Kent with his arms folded; in this round they stood up, and hit each other nearly blind. 20th to 22d round, the man of Kent fought weak; 100 to 40 on the Patriot; who, the 23d, 24th, and 25th rounds, rallied, closed, threw, and fell on his adversary, who could not again be brought to face his man. The fight lasted thirty-nine minutes, when the Patriot was hailed as the pattern of all bruisers; he has little or no science, but frequently gives a straight unexpected hit, and is the best tempered, cool, and determined fighter, that ever stepped

stepped on board. The man of Kent was never before beaten.—They will fight again within 100 miles of London, for 1000gs. next October.

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A most determined pitched battle, for twenty guineas a side, which lasted *two hours and ten minutes*, took place on Windsor Forest, on Wednesday, the 10th instant, betwixt two stout novices, of the names of Woodcock and James. Neither possessed a particle of science, but they stood up and fought the time stated without attempting to flinch, and both were down in most of the rounds. With the most determined courage the combatants fought until they were unable to see each other, and temporary sight was more than once restored by the aid of the lance. Woodcock at length spread himself, apparently lifeless, on the ground, after a fall, and lost the battle, which, for courage and manhood, is inferior to none on record.

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SPARRING.

An exhibition of sparring, not altogether bloodless, took place on Tuesday, the 2d of the present month, at the Fives-Court, St. Martin's-lane, for the benefit of James Belcher, a decayed invalid. The best sets-to, regarding science, were betwixt the two blacks, Molineux and Richmond.—Bitton set-to with Lee and another; and young Belcher's ambition was stayed by Molineux, who had the best of the match. Rimmer, the Black's unsuccessful adversary, set-to with a Life-Guardsman, who has offered himself a candidate for boxing fame.--The gloves presented that sort of disfigurement which their determined exertions would have made in combat. Rimmer had the best of the set-to, but the dragoon was much the strongest man. The Court was tolerably well attended, considering the number of the regular absent amateurs.

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Crib is gone to Scotland to train for the ensuing combat between him and Molineux, but the Black, in company with his sable friend Richman, has been on a tour round the West of England; the rooms in which they exhibited were crowded by amateurs, eager to witness particularly the exhibition of Molineux. At Bristol, which gave birth to Crib, Belcher, &c. the crowds assembled beggared all description. Milling was the order of the day. A subscription purse of 20gs. was raised for a boxing match betwixt Dogherty and Young Crib, at Lansdowne, where Pearce and Gully fought their juvenile battles. After a smart mill of half an hour, Dogherty became the victor, in the presence of thousands of amateurs. King, who fought Powers, was one of the party. The two Blacks seconded Dogherty and Crib.

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## LAW CASE.

*Court of King's Bench, Wednesday, July* 10.

Clark *v.* Mumford.

THIS was an action brought by a farrier against a stable-keeper, for the amount of a bill for medicines for a black mare and a grey horse. The black mare died a few weeks after the plaintiff took her in hand: and it was proved, that the contract for her physicking was "No cure, no pay." The grey

grey horse was now getting well; a guinea and an half was charged for his cure, to which no defence was made. Still, upon the other horse, the question was, whether the defendant had not defeated the plaintiff's course of medicines by overworking her. She had the *grease*, and the plaintiff gave her balls and cordials, (an improper course according to many witnesses) with a recommendation that she should be worked seven or eight hours a day. It did not appear that her *grease* was ever cured. On the part of the defendant, it was sworn that she was worked ten or twelve hours every other day as a hackney-coach horse; but, on the part of the plaintiff, it was sworn that one evening, after working this time, the mare was sent on a job to a regular customer, which lasted till eight or nine the next morning. This was positively contradicted by the defendant's witness; and Lord Ellenborough observed, that the plaintiff had not given the defendant notice to produce his books, by which it might have appeared whether such a job was undertaken and performed.

Verdict for the plaintiff, damages 3l. 15s.

## CRICKET MATCHES.

ON Tuesday, the 2d instant, a match of cricket was played in the Garrison Field at Canterbury, between eleven gentlemen of the county, and eleven selected from the garrison cricket club. The former lost the match by two wickets and two runs. The following is a correct statement of the match:—

GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNTY.

| | *First Innings.* | | *Second Innings.* | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Rev. I. Hughes | 5 | b. by Capt. Wallace | 4 | b. by Capt. Smith. |
| — Peckham, Esq. | 13 | b. by Capt. Smith | 22 | c. by Hunter. |
| — Morris, Esq. | 0 | st. by ditto | 3 | run out. |
| — Loud, Esq. | 0 | st. by ditto | 2 | b. by Capt. Smith. |
| — Becker, Esq. | 0 | b. by Capt. Wallace | 14 | c. by White. |
| — Rigden, Esq. | 8 | b. by ditto | 0 | b. by Capt. Smith. |
| — Collard, Esq. | 0 | b. by ditto | 7 | not out. |
| — Sladden, Esq. | 3 | b. by ditto | 0 | b. by Capt. Smith. |
| — Elgar, Esq. | 4 | b. by ditto | 8 | c. by Chapman. |
| — Cobb, Esq. | 1 | run out | 3 | c. by Capt. Wallace. |
| — Whitnall, Esq. | 3 | not out | 0 | b. by Capt. Smith. |
| Byes | 9—46 | Byes | 5—68 | |

GENTLEMEN OF THE GARRISON.

| | *First Innings.* | | *Second Innings.* | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Col. Douglas | 1 | c. by Loud | 13 | b. by Sladden. |
| Major Dixon | 6 | b. by Morris | 16 | run out. |
| Capt. Wallace | 0 | b. by Elgar | 6 | c. by Collard. |
| Capt. Smith | 7 | b. by ditto | 8 | st. by Morris. |
| Lieut. Chapman | 2 | b. by ditto | 7 | c. by Hughes. |
| Lieut. Anderson | 2 | not out | 5 | not out. |



Gunners

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Gunners R. A. | Ring ...... | 20 c. by Sladden ...... | 0 b. by Elgar. | |
| | Hunter ...... | 3 c. by Elgar ........ | 0 not out. | |
| | Sewel ...... | 2 b. by Morris ...... | 0 not out. | |
| | White...... | 0 b. by Elgar......... | 0 run out. | |
| | Twelves .... | 2 b. by ditto ........ | 8 b. by Elgar. | |
| | Byes.... | 2—47 | Byes.... 7—70 | |

REV. A. BUSH. } Umpires.
CAPT. PRINCE, }

At Eton, on Saturday, the 29th ult. an excellent match commenced by the gentlemen of that college, and the Bullingdon Club, which was renewed on the Monday, and after a well-contested game, was won by the latter by one wicket.

On Tuesday, the 2d instant, a grand cricket match was played in Shooter's-fields, Eton College, between the gentlemen of the College, and the Oxford College Club. On the first day, the Etonians headed one wicket and fifty runs. The match was not decided until late the following day, when the Oxonians won the match by a single run in their favour.

On Friday, the 5th instant, a grand match of cricket was played between the gentlemen of Biddenden and the gentlemen of Wadhurst; the game was ably contested, as might be expected, from the known abilities of the contending parties, they being considered the best single parish players in the counties of Kent and Sussex. The match was most excellently contested, and terminated in a tie game, as follows:—Biddenden first innings, 51; second ditto, 44.—Wadhurst, first innings, 54; second ditto, 41.

On Tuesday, the 2d instant, a grand match of cricket was played on Titchborne Down, Hants, between eleven gentlemen of Alresford, and eleven gentlemen of Droxford, Corhampton, and Exton, which was won by the former.

And on Monday, the 8th, the return match was played in Droxford Park, which, after a good day's sport, and much scientific play, was won by the gentlemen of Droxford and its neighbourhood, by only four runs.

On Monday, the 8th instant, was played at Challwell, Kent, a game of cricket between eleven gentlemen tanners and eleven shoemakers, which was won by the latter by five runs.

On Thursday, the 18th instant, a match for one thousand guineas, between eleven Greenwich pensioners with one leg each, and the same number with own arm each, was decided at Montpelier Ground, Walworth. The one-leg men won 119 notches, and gained the prize, after a contest of three days, which afforded great amusement and mirth to a number of spectators. The veteran victors returned in the evening in a carriage, with flags and other trophies. The match is said to have been made by a Noble Lord and a celebrated Captain, both famous for their attachment to the game of cricket.

On Thursday and Friday, the 18th and 19th instant, a match of cricket was played on Swaffham Race Ground, between the gentlemen of Swaffham and Terrington, for fifty guineas, and won by the former by sixty-three runs.

Swaffham ..............232
Terrington..............169

PEDES-

## PEDESTRIANISM.

THE pedestrian Berwick undertook on Thursday morning, the 27th ult. for a wager of ten guineas, to go from St. George's Church, in the Borough, to Lee Church, Kent, and back, in two hours, a distance of fourteen miles, and to stop at three houses and drink a glass of brandy, either going or returning, staying, each time, five minutes, making in the whole a quarter of an hour, to be included in the time allowed for the undertaking. He started about twelve o'clock, and reached Lee about five minutes past one, having refreshed himself twice on the road on his journey there; and having again refreshed himself, he started from Lee in ten minutes afterwards, having but forty-five minutes to complete his task.—He arrived at St. George's Church, about seven minutes before two o'clock, thereby winning his wager in seven minutes less than the given time. Several sums of money were betted against the performance at first starting, and much money was won and lost on the issue.

On Sunday, the 7th instant, a man of the name of Lock, who lives at Sunning-hill, Berks, for a wager of one hundred guineas, undertook to run a mile in five minutes, which he performed in four minutes and fifty seconds.

On the same day a great concourse of people assembled in Whitechapel, near the Church, to witness the decision of a curious bet A young gentleman, apparently not much more than twenty years of age, slender and slight, but well proportioned, had undertaken to go fifty miles on foot against a pair of horses in a gentleman's carriage. The condition of the wager was, that the horses should stop to bait once only on the road. The start took place at eight o'clock, and the pedestrian reached Whitechapel Church soon after four in the afternoon, on his return, having been to the 25th mile-stone and back within the interval. He was received by the multitude with triumphant acclamation. What became of his *antagonists* and the carriage, was not known, as they had long been out of sight of the winner.

A foot race was run on Monday morning, the 8th instant, on Wimbledon Common, for fifty guineas, between Captain Dodd and Mr. Smithers. The distance was one mile, which was performed by the former in five minutes and twenty-five seconds. It was a famously-contested match, and won by about eight yards.

A gentleman of the name of Howe performed on Thursday, June 27, a quarter of a mile in one minute and ten seconds, for a wager of fifty guineas, on Ashford Common.

The same gentleman started to go to Bristol and back again, two hundred and thirty-four miles, in forty hours, on Monday, the 8th instant, but resigned his task near Reading, at three o'clock on Wednesday, the 10th, much distressed.

Saturday morning, the 13th instant, a young man, of the name of Gibbons, undertook, for a wager of two guineas, to go on foot from St. Paul's Church-yard to Charing Cross and back, the distance being three miles, in twenty minutes. He started at four o'clock, and completed the whole in eighteen minutes and twenty seconds, winning by one minute and forty seconds. A great number of bets were depending upon the issue, and

at

at starting bets were against him three to two.

Mr. Knight, the travelling hosier, who engaged to walk fifty miles per day for six successive days, accomplished his journey, with apparent ease, on Saturday, the 13th instant, two hours within the given time.

On the 14th instant, Thomas Standen, of Salehurst, near Silverhill Barracks, finished the arduous task, which, for a mere trifling wager, he had undertaken, of walking 1100 miles in as many successive hours, going one mile only in each hour. This man is nearly sixty years of age; and his performance certainly considerably outdoes that which Captain Barclay, after such great training, performed at Newmarket.

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## GREYHOUNDS AND DEAD HARE.

THIS is another of Mr. Howitt's Etchings, and makes the eleventh of the series, which have been progressively given in the numbers of the *Sporting Magazine.*

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## PIGEON MATCHES.

A Grand match at 21 birds, between Messrs. Gould, King, and Friend, from the counties of Berks, Oxon, and Wilts, against Messrs. Williams, Horner, and Kemp, of Bucks, Hants, and Surrey, took place on Shottsbury Heath, Herts, on Monday, the 1st instant, for a Silver Cup, value 50gs. and five guineas each in specie. The following is an account of the match:

| | *Killed.* | *Missed.* |
|---|---|---|
| Gould | 7 | 0 |
| King | 6 | 1 |
| Friend | 4 | 3 |
| | 17 | 4 |

| | *Killed.* | *Missed.* |
|---|---|---|
| Horner | 6 | 1 |
| Kemp | 6 | 1 |
| Williams | 4 | 3 |
| | 16 | 5 |

Every bird was hit, and Mr. Williams's last fell two yards out of bounds (100 yards). The winners were the favourites.

Another match took place between the same persons, at Astley Common, on Wednesday, the 10th instant, for 100gs. and the second-best to receive 20gs. The following is the decision of this interesting match at eleven birds each:

| | *Bagged.* |
|---|---|
| Kemp | 11 |
| Gould | 10 |
| Horner | 10 |
| Williams | 9 |
| King | 8 |
| Friend | 8 |

Mr. Gould beat Mr. Horner in shooting off ties for the second prize.

On Thursday, the 18th instant, the Old Hat Sporting Society met for the last time this season. The sport was as follows:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Lord B. | killed | 20 of 24 |
| Mr. S. | | 17 of do. |
| Mr. B. | | 14 of do. |
| Mr. H. | | 13 of do. |
| Mr. C. | | 13 of do. |
| Mr. R. | | 11 of do. |
| Mr. N. | | 10 of do. |
| Capt. S. | | 8 of do. |

The shooting of the day was of more than common interest, inasmuch as it was the day of decision on which the honorary prize medal was to be adjudged to the best shot of the year. This was a gold medal,

Howitt

GREYHOUNDS & DEAD HARE.

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dal, presented by the senior member of the Club, a worthy veteran sportsman, as a stimulus for creating emulation and rivalry among its members. Lord B. who excels in all gymnastic and hygeian exercises, won easy, having killed 50 of 60, on the aggregate of four several days. The medal is of fine gold and curious workmanship, and the motto appropriate:—*Possidet qui bene meruit.*

## SPORTING OBITUARY.

ON Thursday, the 4th inst. died, at Renishaw, in Derbyshire, in the 42d year of his age, to the irreparable loss of his family, friends, and to the public, Sir Sitwell Sitwell, Bart. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for Derbyshire, and also for Yorkshire. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his only son, now Sir George Sitwell, Bart. Sir S. Sitwell was a great supporter of the turf, and was breeder and owner of many valuable racers, a list of whom shall be given in our next.

On Thursday, June 20, Mr. Francis Neale, an eminent training groom at Newmarket. He was brought up in the stables of the late Lord Chedworth, and afterwards trained for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, his Royal Highness the Duke of York, Lord Egremont, Mr. Cookson, Mr. Dawson, Mr. Ladbroke, Mr. Shakespear, &c.

On Thursday, at Brough-hall, near Catterick, Yorkshire, in the 67th year of his age, Sir John Lawson, Bart. Dying without male issue, the Baronetage and Estate devolve on Henry Maire, Esq. of Lartington, near Barnard Castle, his next brother. The goodness of his heart was eminently distinguished by his universal benevolence, urbanity, and generosity to his family, friends, tenantry, and to the poor, who never pleaded in vain. His loyalty to his Sovereign in the most perilous times, was evinced by his raising the Catterick and Richmond Association, and afterwards the Catterick and Richmond Volunteers. His hospitality was unbounded, and the neighbourhood where he resided will long and severely feel the loss of so worthy a man, and so excellent a landlord:—Highly looked up to and respected by all classes when living, and no man descended into the grave more honoured and lamented. Sir J. Lawson, though not deeply engaged on the turf, was the breeder of several good racers; viz. Brough, Sir John, Quiver, Lady Brough, Byker, Presentation, Petruchio, &c. and owner of Rovedino, and several others. The meetings at Catterick and Richmond will severely feel his loss, as he was the promoter of every rational and exhilarating amusement in his neighbourhood.

On Monday, July 8, the remains of the late Sir John Lawson, Bart. were interred in the family vault at Catterick, deeply and sincerely lamented by a numerous train of friends, tenantry, and the poor of the neighbouring villages, who attended to pay the last tribute of respect to their generous benefactor. Whilst amiability of disposition, great liberality of sentiment, warm and affectionate feeling for the distresses of the comfortless and afflicted, are looked upon as virtues which adorn our nature, so long will the memory of Sir John Lawson, roll down the stream of time revered and respected.

FEAST

# FEAST OF WIT.

AT the Cambridge Installation, a curious dispute arose between a Right Reverend Bishop and a Learned Doctor, at the collation given by his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, at Trinity. The Learned Doctor being extremely fond of smoking his pipe, and having drank freely in honour of the illustrious President, either forgetful of his usual good manners, or not thinking he should give offence, called for his favourite luxury, and, opening his tobacco-box, soon commenced his *whiffing* operation within a few yards of the Duke. This gave rise to some pointed remarks from the Reverend Bishop, who was shocked at an act, in his opinion, so indecorous and disrespectful to his Royal Highness. The worthy Doctor, however, contended for his right of enjoyment, and declared he should not be happy without that indulgence, declaring, at the same time, that he was conscious of no impropriety. This led to a long argument, *pro.* and *con.* upon the merits of the case, in which each party, with considerable heat, defended their own opinions, and each alternately became the better *wrangler.* At length, however, after a variety of fluctuation, the dispute ended at *par,* neither having convinced the other that his arguments were ill-founded, and both strictly adhering to their original opinions. The majority of the company, however, who witnessed the scene, whatever might have been their conception as to the real state of the facts, gave the worthy Doctor full credit for being a complete *Master of Arts,* as they observed, during the heat of controversy, he had not ceased to take his regular *whifs,* and when his pipe was out, he prudently resigned all further disputation!

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THE SERJEANT'S WIG.—A few days ago, at the Sittings in the City, a young Barrister was engaged to open the pleadings of his client, but his gown and wig having been left at Westminster, he requested to borrow others, at a Coffee-house near Guildhall. On entering the Court, Mr. Garrow was about proceeding, but he observed, that it was his duty to yield precedence to the *learned Serjeant.* The young Barrister seemed a little surprised, but appeared more so when addressed by the Judge—"Brother, before you proceed, you must go within the bar."—Here the young lawyer seemed more astonished and embarrassed, when a *brother brief* whispered in his ear, "*Your wig, your wig.*"—He instantly took the hint, and pulled it off his head, when finding that it was a *Serjeant's wig,* he saw his error, and after borrowing a proper one from a friend, he proceeded in his cause, having afforded no small amusement to the Bench and his Learned Colleagues!

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As Old Q.'s apothecary attended him by *night* as well as by day, the executors should not have been surprised that his Grace was charged so much for *dosing!*

A PARSON.

A Parson, thinking to banter an honest Quaker, asked him, where his religion was before George Fox's time? "Where thine was," said the Quaker, "before Harry Tudor's time; and now thou hast been so free with *me*," added the Quaker, "pr'ythee let me ask *thee* a question: Where was Jacob going when he was turned of ten years? can'st thou tell that?" "No," said the parson; "nor you neither, I believe." "Yea, verily I can," replied the Quaker, "*he was going into his eleventh year; was he not?*"

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Titles.—A Lisbon Paper, of the 12th ult. gives the following announcement of a matrimonial union between parties, who appear to be as distinguished as sounding titles and names can make them. If the virtues of the Lady are in proportion to her names, they will exceed the cardinal number:—On the 29th of last month was married, the Most Excellent Don Alfonso De Vasconcellos Ruao Lima e Sousa, third Marquis of Castello Melhor, and ninth Count of Calhela, to the Most Excellent Senorha Dona Francisca De Ascis Severia Telles Castro Da Gama Lima Vasconcellos Silveira Noronha e Braganza, eldest daughter of the Most Excellent Marquis of Niza.

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Cardinal Richelieu, one day said to M. de Lort, a celebrated Physician, "I am grey-headed, yet my beard is black—your head is black, and your beard grey—can you account for these appearances, Doctor?" "Easily," replied De Lort, "they proceed from exercise, from labour of the parts. Your Eminence's brains have laboured hard, and so have my jaws."

STERLING RETORT.

Says Lord K. to his tenants, "I'd have you to know,
That the times are so hard, and Bank-notes are so low,
I shall raise all my rents, and expect no resistance,
Nor your Bank notes will take, but at sixteen and sixpence."

Says Tenant, "My Lord, do you think I'm a ninny,
To be diddled of Bank-notes, and *lose by my guinea?*
If you will have it so, to pay *gold* I am willing,
But they're worth *twenty-seven!* for a shilling's a shilling."

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In *coinage*, as in all other matters, men look principally to their own interest. Some *Attornies* will have it that the new silver tokens should have been *three* and *four-pences* and *six* and *eight-pences*.

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It has been remarked, that in the variety of discussions on the subject of *bullion*, there has been some rich *ore*, plenty of *brass*, and an immense quantity of *lead!*

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A *sporting Parson*, the brother of an Earl, had, last week, the misfortune to lose his *pointer* and his *bible*. In a *placard* upon the church-door, the next day, the *bible* was described as *dog-eared*, and the *pointer, lettered* upon the back.

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Mrs. Wells, the celebrated actress, formerly caressed by the world, but now neglected, having published Memoirs of her Life, was asked why the print was so large; she answered, "because some of my friends are *near-sighted*."

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Mr. Perceval has gained some popularity by abolishing the tax on *hats*. The dealers say, the advantages will be *felt!*

# SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE Nobility and Gentry of Basingstoke, Hants, and its vicinity, have agreed to establish an annual race, of two days, upon Basingstoke Common, in September next, for a Plate and Sweepstakes each day. The beauty of the course, and its situation in so respectable a neighbourhood, will, it is expected, cause these races to be as well attended as any in the county.

---

SALISBURY Races commenced on Tuesday the 23d instant. The King's Plate of 100gs. was won by Mr. Biggs's Romana, beating Genseric and Japan.—Wednesday, Mr. Morgan's Genseric walked over the course for the City Bowl; Sir H. Lippincott's Obi walked over for the Sweepstakes of 20gs. each; and only two horses started for the Members' Plate of 50l. which was won at two heats by the Duke of Rutland's Salvator, beating Mr. Dilly's Japan. — On Thursday, Mr. Goddard's Cambric walked over the course for the renewed Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, and there were again only two horses for the 50l. subscription plate, which was won at two heats by Mr. Lethbridge's c. Yesterday, beating Mr. Dilly's f. Little Tippetty.—There being so few horses entered, and so little promise of sport, much company could not be expected on the race-down; those who attended appeared to be chiefly attracted by the fineness of the weather: scarcely a gentleman of celebrity on the turf was to be seen, or a guinea known to be betted on any one race. Harry Biggs, Esq. was appointed Steward for the next year.

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BATH races, after a lapse of upwards of fifteen years, were revived on Lansdowne, on the 3d instant. There was a great influx of company on the course, and the sport was excellent. During the fourth heat for the Handicap on Friday, which was admirably contested between Hephestion and Viscountess, as they came within the distance post, Miller, one of the course-keepers, was, by the improper conduct of a footman striking his horse, turned in the way of Viscountess, who ran against him with such force, that both riders fell; the jockey was taken up unhurt, but Miller's skull was dreadfully fractured, and he now lies in the casualty hospital, with little hopes of recovery.

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IPSWICH Races were but thinly attended, and the heats were but indifferently contested.

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EGREMONT Races, which took place on the 9th and 10th instant, drew together an immense number of people, and continued for three days;—*poney races*, and *matches* and *foot races* having been readily made to prolong the time. There were upwards of thirty tents upon the race ground, besides six stands placed at convenient distances, for the refreshment of *thirsty* pilgrims, on their road from Whitehaven to the ground—which is a distance of nearly five miles!—Every public vehicle belonging to Whitehaven, of whatever description, (from the coach to the dung cart) had been put

put in a state of requisition for the first day's race;—and every animal, accustomed either to the bridle or halter,—the saddle or the pad,—that could be procured, was mustered on this pleasurable occasion. The resort of company was equally great in proportion, from all parts of the surrounding country.

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At Ludlow Races, on Thursday and Friday, the 4th and 5th instant, the amateurs of the turf were gratified with excellent running. During the second heat, on the 2d day, Mr. Keen's colt fell and broke his leg, and the rider was conveyed home in a chaise much hurt. The accident was occasioned by a *man riding across the course.*

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Swaffham Races were on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 16th and 17th instant. "The course was thronged with gazers," in chariots, landaus, tandems, barouches, gigs, and every other variety which the various taste of the present day has invented. The stand was crowded with the beauty and fashion of the county, and the sport excellent. The assemblies were well attended.

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At Winchester Races, held on Wednesday and Thursday, the 18th and 19th, the sport was indifferent. The Steward's ball, on Thursday, was very fashionably attended, and the supper, &c. was served in a style very creditable to those who conducted it. The other amusements, though the company was not so numerous as on some former occasions, were honoured with a respectable assemblage.—The Steward of the Races for the year ensuing is Walter Long, Esq. of Preshaw.—In coming round the last mile for the Sweepstakes, on Tuesday, Janette and Beresford running close together both of them fell, but fortunately no serious accident happened either to the horses or their riders.

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The two Annual Cups, value 50l. each, given by Colonel Lindegren, and the Officers of the Portsdown Cavalry, to the Members of that Corps, were run for on Soberton Down, Hants, on Wednesday, the 3d instant, and afforded excellent sport. The day was unfavourable, yet the company was numerous.

*First Cup.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mr. Gain's Creeping Kate | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Bull's br. h.......... | 1 | 2 | 2 |

The second cup was won by Loveder's b. m. distancing three others. A military saddle and bridle, for all hacks, was won by Mr. Stewart. An exceeding good poney race, for a saddle and bridle, was won by Mr. Etherington's poney. A match for 40gs. between Colonel Todd's poney, and Mr. Steward's poney, the latter giving a stone, was won by the former in fine style. A dinner was provided on the ground, for the members of the Corps; and gypsey parties were to be seen in various parts of the course.

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The Stewards appointed for the next year's Lamberton Races, are, Sir C. Haggerstone, Bart.; General Francis Dundas; George Baillie, Esq.; and Robert Baird, Esq.

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The Wroxham (Norfolk) Water Frolic, which, from the natural beauties of the surrounding scenery, and from the other accessaries of pleasure attendant upon the meeting, at the delightful place where it is held, equals any festival of a similar kind, was held on Monday, the

the 15th instant. The day was fine, and the Broad covered with boats. The party moored for dinner as usual, and no accident occurred to interrupt the satisfaction of the day. Only two boats sailed for the cup, the Albion, Harmer, of Beccles; and the Zephyr, Bowson, of Geldeston. They kept equal pace at the commencement of the match, but a rope giving way, the top-mast and top-sail of the Zephyr came down, and favoured by this circumstance, the Albion won by a considerable distance.

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Mr. E. L. Hodgson's bay colt, by Hambletonian, dam by Sir Peter, out of Bab, who won the Produce Stakes, at Preston, was sold to Mr. Benson, for 500gs. He is named, "British Bayonet."—And Mr. Lonsdale's Georgiana, by Sir Charles, out of Enterprise, by Young Marsk, was also sold, when running for the third heat, at Preston, for 130gs; the purchaser received the plate of 70l.

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Monday, the 1st instant, took place, near Glasgow, at the Three-Mile House, the Annual Shooting Match, between the Paisley Shooting Society, and the Glasgow Caledonian Marksmen. There were twelve persons in each party, who shot twelve balls each, at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards, at three feet targets. On counting the nearest seventy-two shots of each party, that of the former measured three hundred and forty-eight inches, and that of the latter three hundred and six inches, so that the Glasgow Caledonian Marksmen gained by forty-two inches. The average distance of the whole shots measured was about five inches.

Fives Playing.—On Monday, the 1st instant, several gentlemen of Warminster (Wilts), Heytesbury, Frome, and the neighbourhood, met at the old-established fives-court, at the Pack-Horse Inn, Warminster, kept by E. T. Lawrence, where an excellent dinner was dressed on the occasion; the manly and scientific game of fives played, to the satisfaction of a genteel and numerous company; and, for promoting this amusement, it was then resolved, that a meeting should be held, at the same place, annually, on the 1st of July.

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At the late annual games held at Torpoint, near Plymouth Dock, J. Jordan, the champion of Devonshire, threw all the prize wrestlers of the county of Cornwall, fifteen in number, and carried off the prize. It is supposed that the great athletic powers and remarkable skill of this man render him capable of throwing any man in the United Kingdom. He has been victorious through all the western games held this summer, from Hatherleigh, in Devonshire, to Plymouth Dock.

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Crib and Molineux.—The match between these pugilists has been made decisive, and 600l. was staked in the hands of Mr. Jackson, on Saturday, the 27th instant. The battle will be fought at Doncaster, on Saturday, September the 28th, either on the Course, or where Humphries and Mendoza contended twenty years ago. The stage will be twenty-five feet. Betting is 6 to 4 on Crib, and even that the battle will last forty-five minutes. It will be the greatest sporting fight ever known, as thousands are already pending.

POETRY.

# POETRY.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

### ANGLING.

*Inscribed to the Editor of "Songs of the Chase."*

UNMANN'D by sloth, and unrelax'd by ease,
Without the rod, the basket, or the line,
My friend, can angling e'er pretend to please,
Howe'er alert the muse's faith, or thine?

Oft has the monarch trout, by art betray'd,
To your well-practis'd fly a victim rose,
Come then, experienc'd, to the muse's aid,
And where the sport's aught injur'd, interpose.

Now Winter, muffled in his russet cloak,
The surly blasts attending in his train,
Seiz'd his dominions, and his sceptre broke,
With sullen frown forsakes the shiv'ring plain.

Huge as the tyrant stalks, while, roaring loud,
The tempest rous'd his gloomy rage betrays,
Fair Spring, descending on a purple cloud,
Her virgin presence in the east displays.

Onward the goddess moves, with graceful tread,
In flowing em'rald vesture loosely drest;
A flow'ry garland circles round her head,
And damask rose-buds blush upon her breast.

Smiling, on hill and dale she looks around,
On grove and coppice, ravish'd of their charms;
And verdant carpets clothe the naked ground,
And trees extend the umbrage of their arms.

The river, late swell'd with descending rain,
With torrents tumbling down the mountain's side;
No more sweeps rapid o'er the delug'd plain,
But in its native channel gently glides.

Zephyrs with fragrance load their fanning wings,
And breathe soft whispers thro' the conscious grove;
With pipe attun'd the feather'd warbler sings,
Hid in the foilage of a green alcove.

In this gay season, when unnumber'd scenes
Of elegant amusement charm mankind,
When past'ral life, and simple nature reigns,
Chiefly admir'd the angler's sport we find.

His line to finish, twisted round and round,
Quick to the wide inclosures he repairs,
And from the courser, sweeping to the ground,
His tail luxuriant, pulls the chosen hairs.

Next to the wood he hies with urgent haste,
And of firm ash shapes his elastic wand;
Joint upon joint with just proportion plac'd,
It bends, it tapers in his poising hand.

To flutter unsuspected o'er the brook,
Last he equips his artificial fly;
Fictitious wings conceal the lurking hook,
Delusive colours gleam upon the eye.

Furnish'd,

Furnish'd, he trips, in light-spun frock
attir'd,
Along some level green, or shelving hill;
Fancy, by quick enthusiasm fir'd,
Anticipates the success of his skill.

Arriv'd, his curious tackle he unties,
With prompt address adjusting ev'ry
part;
While humid evening, and the shadowy
skies,
Invite the finest essays of his art.

But first some precepts would the muse
propose,
Haply not foreign to the Sportsman's
care;
Success in angling still depends on those,
Which still the best instructed oft'nest
share.

Prefer the livid, short, distractile hook,
The clear, round, shining, pliant hairs
select;
Each maculated tenant of the brook,
A failure here will readily detect.

Call from the turtle's variegated wings,
Where tints in rich variety prevail;
Each warbler on the leafy spray that
sings,
The wild-duck's glossy neck, and pea-
cock's tail:

Provide the finest plumage each displays,
And decorate in it your mimic fly;
Consult Experience, follow what she
says,
But few mistakes escape her sapient
eye.

Form not its body of too large a size,
Nor yet too small—the happy medium
choose;
This oft eludes the trouts' exploring
eyes,
That with distrust and loathing they re-
fuse.

With just proportion shape each splendid
wing,
To spread and flutter on the dimpling
pool;
Still near to life your imitation bring,
Its faultless and invariable rule.

See yonder pensive birch, that gently
nods,
Its leafy umbrage o'er the crystal stream;
Mark well what insects croud its quiv'ring
rods,
What vivid hues on their spread pinions
gleam.

These even vary with the circling sun,
Each smiling month has its peculiar
hue;
This, when your pleasing office is begun,
Keep ever as the pattern in your view.

*(To be continued.)*

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## SONGS,

*In the Musical Farce of "Any Thing New?"*

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### DUET.—Oliver *and* Fanny *(a Village Coquette).*

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*Oliver.*

PRAY, Ma'am, do not think I'm wor-
ried or vext,
No longer your slave—I defy you—

*Fanny.*

Very fine—but I'm sure you'll not stick
to your text
When'e'er little Fanny comes nigh you—

*Oliver.*

Yourself you deceive—

*Fanny.*

No, I cannot believe—
That Oliver e'er would forsake me,

*Oliver.*

Yes, Madam, you'll find, that I've alter'd
my mind,
No longer a fool you shall make me.

*Fanny.*

You'll repent all you say, Sir, the moment
we part,
Tho' now in a passion you're storming,

*Oliver.*

No longer a flirt shall embezzle the
heart
Another gay lass will be warming.

*Fanny.*

Silly man—'tis in vain

*Oliver.*

Why she's laughing again,
Was ever a girl so provoking—

*Fanny.*

Yes—rave as you will, bye and bye you'll
be still,
Beg pardon, and say you were joking.

*Oliver.*

So pleasing, so teasing—I soon shall go
mad—
No—no—flesh and blood cannot bear it—

*Fanny.*

Now what makes its own pretty dear look
so sad—

Can't

Can't it bear its own Fanny to jeer it—
I thought it was gone

*Oliver.*

I'm resolved—it is done,
None like thee e'er will be so false-hearted,.
To my fate I'm resign'd, we are both of a mind,
And now then for ever we're parted—

*Both.*

To my fate I'm resign'd, &c.

SONG.—Jeremiah Babble, *(a conceited Country Perfumer.)*

When from London first I came,
I wasn't worth a crown,
For tho' puffing rais'd me up,
The hammer knock'd me down;
So, as one trade would not do,
I resolv'd to try how two
Would succeed in this wonderful town O!
Open'd shop—Ladies crop,
When they're ill—powder, pill,
Sell to cure 'em—life insure 'em;
Either please 'em—so I fleece 'em,
Shave 'em, latherum——Omnium gatherum,
Hey down, oh down, derry derry down.
Was my way in this wonderful town O!

Being up to every trick,
I took a shop on tick;
But they found I cou'd not pay,
So, 'egad I run away;
And jogging off so gaily,
Was stopp'd by a bum bailey,
Who met me in this wonderful town O!
Lock up house—had me close,
Sins to varnish—paid my garnish,
Bound in fetters—like my betters;
Could'nt pay—hanging day,
Spirits fail'd me—friendship bail'd me,
Hey down, &c.
What a chance in this wonderful town O!

Thus traders, after smashes,
Like the Phœnix from her ashes,
Recover safe and sound,
Paying three-pence in the pound;
So I from limbo easy,
And with something new to please you,
Send my bills thro' all this wonderful town O!
Hope you'll stop, at Babble's shop,
Please to call—serve you all;
This the place—state your case,
Loaves and fishes—just my wish is,
That's the whole—upon my soul,
Hey down, &c.
And to satisfy this wonderful town O!

SONG.—Whitethorn.

When I have my bottle, I'll never complain,
Nor envy the drinkers of Hock or Champaign;
It strengthens my body, my spirit it cheers,
And takes from my age, aye, a dozen good years,
In a glass of good wine.

From my snug little cottage, I ne'er wish to roam,
But I'll drink a good health to the lads far from home:
By land and by sea we have conquered they tell us,
So—soldiers and sailors and all jolly fellows,
In a glass of good wine.

At home and abroad now together we stand,
And in friendly alliance are bound heart and hand:
Confusion to those who such friendship would sever—
The—King and the Prince—and Old England for ever!
In a glass of good wine.

SONG.—Jeremiah Babble.

A jolly shoe-maker, John Hobbs, John Hobbs,
A jolly shoe-maker, John Hobbs;
He married Jane Carter,
No damsel look'd smarter,
But he caught a Tartar,
John Hobbs, John Hobbs,
Yes, he caught a Tartar, John Hobbs.

He tied a rope to her, John Hobbs, John Hobbs,
He tied a rope to her, John Hobbs;
To 'scape from hot water
To Smithfield he brought her,
But nobody bought her,
Jane Hobbs, Jane Hobbs.
They all were afraid of Jane Hobbs.

Oh, who'll buy a wife! says Hobbs, John Hobbs;
A sweet pretty wife, says Hobbs;

But

But somehow they tell us,
The wife-dealing fellows,
Were all of them *sellers*,
John Hobbs, John Hobbs,
And none of 'em wanted Jane Hobbs.

The rope it was ready, John Hobbs, John Hobbs,
Come, give me the rope, says Hobbs,
I won't stand to wrangle,
Myself I will strangle,
And hang dingle dangle,
John Hobbs, John Hobbs,
So he hung dingle dangle, John Hobbs.

But down his wife cut him, Jane Hobbs, John Hobbs,
Yes down his wife cut him, John Hobbs,
With a few hubble bubbles,
They settled their troubles,
Like most married couples,
John Hobbs—Jane Hobbs,
Oh, happy shoe-maker, John Hobbs.

## THE BACCHANALIAN QUERIST.

IS it the purple grape that throws
A lustre on the sparkling eye?
Is it the nectar draught that flows
Upon the lip of ruby dye?
Is it the bacchanalian set
That makes *old* TIME his scythe forget,
And give the live-long joyous night
To fill the breast with rich delight?
Does wine expand the glowing soul,
Does friendship weave the magic vine,
And, strength'ned in the mantling bowl,
Does genius own its power divine?
Does science smile, and wisdom find
The nectar cup expand the mind;
And does the morn's returning light
Approve the live-long, joyous night?—
If so, thou rosy God, then take
My ardent vows, and give to mirth
The fleeting hour; for thou can'st make
This mortal scene a heav'n on earth.
Bring, bring the magic cup, and we
Will laugh and sport so merrily,
That all the live-long, joyous night
Our hearts shall glow with rich delight!
But if thy purple stream should prove
A spell my finer sense to bind,
If it can dim the flame of love,
Or chill the source that warms the mind;
If reason, BACCHUS, flies from thee,
I scorn thy grov'ling slave to be;
Nor will I share the live-long night
That robs the soul of pure delight!

## THE OTTER FEAST.

*A Pindaric Effusion.*

HAL Ross, a man who loves to smoke
A social pipe, and crack a harmless joke,
Just took a whiff, the other afternoon;
When, in next box, a *curious* subject sat,
Gulping, with open-mouth, Hal Ross's chat,
Like hasty-pudding, with a gravy spoon.

Hal tipp'd the wink to Jack, a brother sinner,
Who ask'd "what fare at *Dennetarian** dinner?
"Why, pretty well,"—was quizzing Hal's reply:
"The careless cook, tho', I must own, ad-rot her,
By over-roasting almost spoil'd the OTTER,
And left his lusty loins a little dry!"

"An *Otter!* quoth the *Gull* in t'other box,
Why sure those *Gluttons* next will eat a *Fox!*
Pray did they stuff him, Sir, or roast him loose?"
"Sir," answer'd Ross, and look'd a little bluff,
"I have no knowledge how they *Otters* stuff,
"But know full well, Sir,—*how to cram a Goose!*"

SQUIB.

## LINES,

*Presented with a Rose-bud to a Young Lady.*

SWEET bud, whose forward bloom displays
The promise of a beauteous flow'r,
May no rude blight thy freshness seize,
No worm thy tender leaf devour.

Light fall the rains upon thy head,
Safe be thy beauty from the storm,
Till Spring's soft breath thy blossoms spread,
And May unfold thy perfect form.

So sweet to smell, so fair to view,
Thy ripen'd glow shall long be seen;
And every flow'r that drinks the dew,
Shall bow in homage to its Queen.

FLOS.

* A well-known Society at Lewes, Sussex.